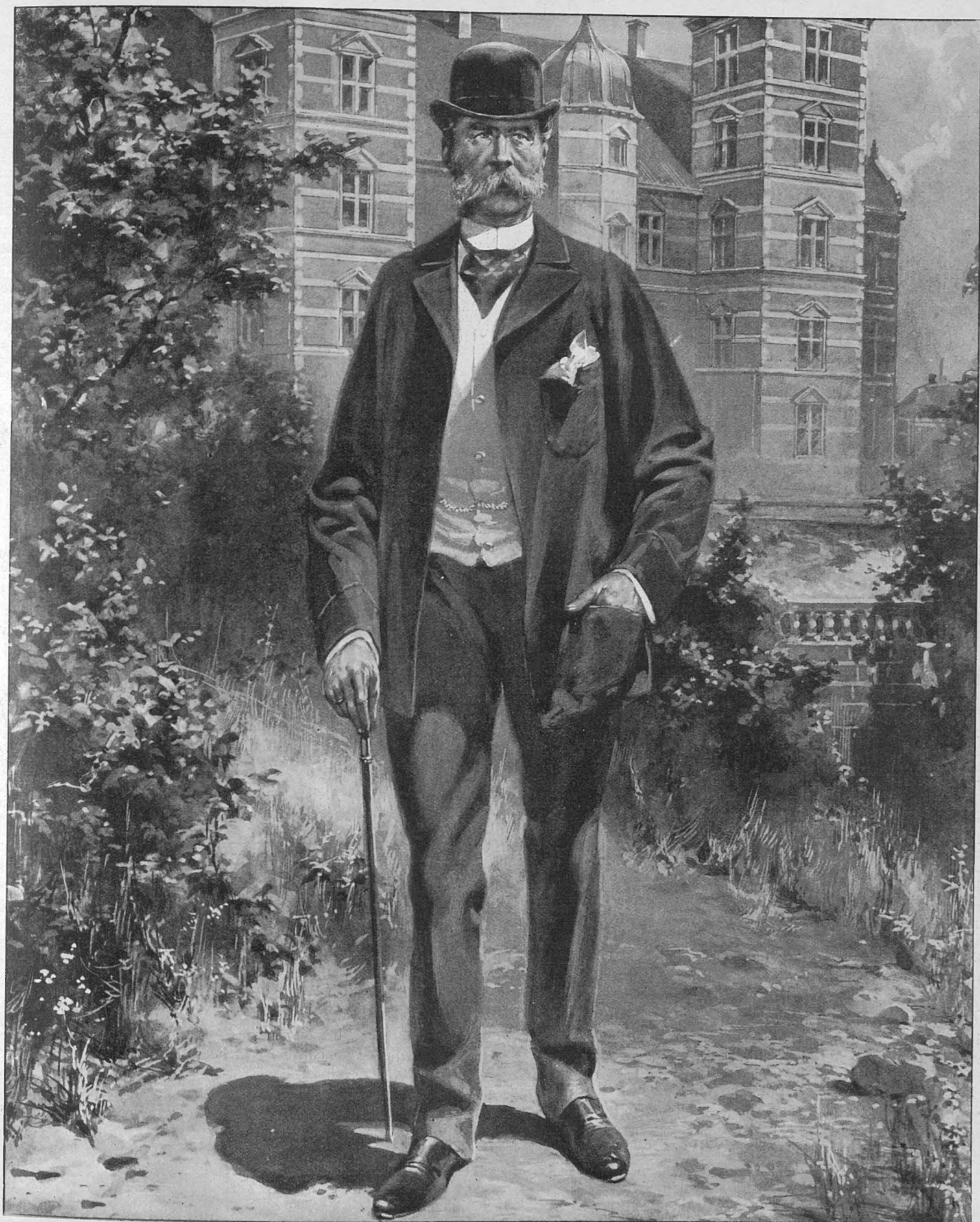


The Sketch

No. 679.—Vol. LIII.

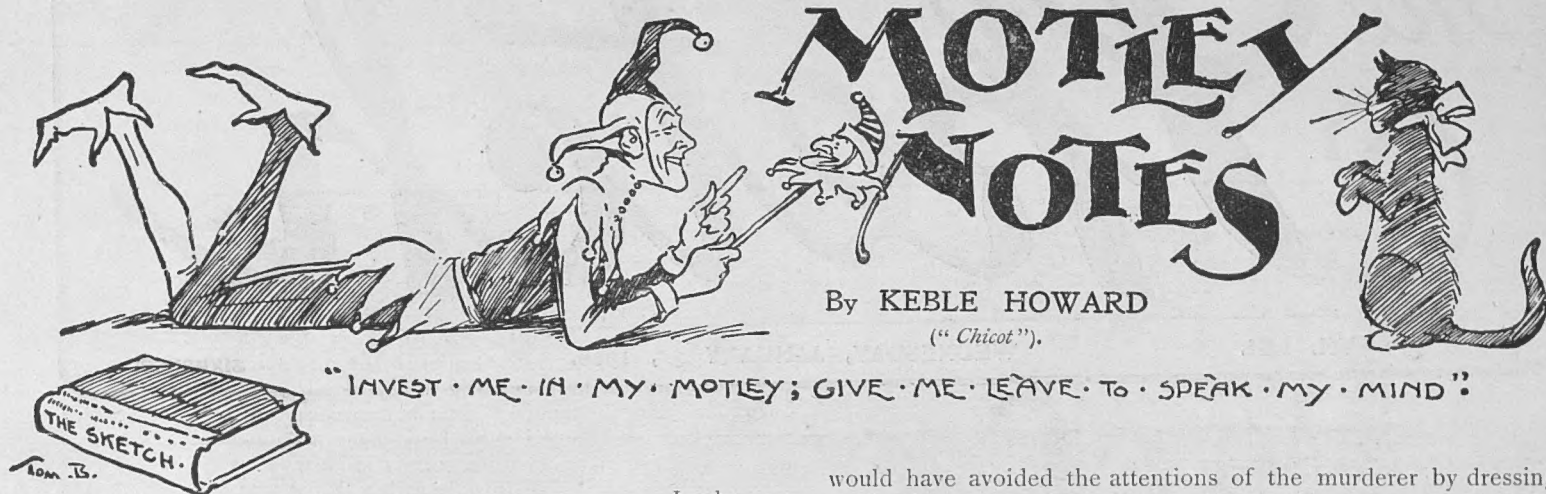
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S FATHER: THE LATE KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK.

Born April 8, 1818; died January 29, 1906.



London.

IT is seldom, I admit, that anything of importance escapes the omnivorous scissors of the Press Commentator. Up to the present, however, I have waited in vain to have my attention drawn to a recent admission on the part of Mr. Balfour. Years and years ago, long before you and I, friend the reader, were able to take the intelligent interest in things political for which we are now distinguished, Mr. Balfour lightly informed the world that he never bothered to read the newspapers. The world was astonished—but, since it was Mr. Balfour, believed. Nowadays, though, it is impossible to escape the newspapers. If you don't read them, somebody will tell you what they are talking about, and even if nobody tells you what they are talking about, you cannot keep your eyes off the placards. That, as a matter of fact, is what happened to Mr. Balfour. He read something about himself on a newspaper placard, and was so excited that he felt compelled to make a speech about it. Here indeed was a mighty fall! Fancy a man who scorns to read the newspapers making a speech about a newspaper placard! If the truth were known, I daresay Mr. Balfour has been slyly reading newspaper placards for years and years past. Well, the game is up now, and he might just as well plank down his honest halfpenny with the rest of us. If he did, he would never be at a loss for the subject-matter of his speeches.

I often wonder why the evening papers—and, after all, there are not so very many of them—do not enter into some sort of agreement to keep the actual news off their placards. People like Mr. Balfour, for example, have only to walk down some main thoroughfare about five o'clock in the afternoon to find out, free of charge, everything they may be anxious to know about anything. Only the other day I did it myself, not exactly from economical or Balfourian motives, but because business took me through the Strand a few minutes after the result of the election in East Worcestershire had reached London. I was especially interested in the East Worcestershire contest, partly because that is my own part of the world, still more for the reason that I had made a bet of a shilling with a person of gentle, unsuspecting nature that Mr. Austen Chamberlain would be elected. (You will do me the justice to remember that there was some doubt about it.) Well, I read the first placard just outside Charing Cross Station. It said—

EAST WORCESTERSHIRE RESULT.

My pulse leapt with excitement; but I controlled myself, and walked on. The second placard met me near the Tivoli. It said—

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S VICTORY.

A shilling to the good. Still I clung to my hot halfpenny. At Wellington Street I gleaned further intelligence. The third placard said—

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S TRIUMPH: MAJORITY LARGELY INCREASED.

And the fourth one was crammed with news. It said—

GREAT VICTORY OF MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN: MAJORITY 4,366.

By the way, I am sorry to have been led into saying so much about the General Election, but I thought you might be interested to know why it is that Mr. Balfour does not find it necessary to read the newspapers.

On the other hand, I don't think he quite realises how many matters of real moment he misses by confining himself to the placards. It may not, for example, be absolutely necessary for a statesman to know that a large number of the St. Louis policemen are going about in feminine costume in order to catch a gentleman who is in the habit of stabbing women in the streets with a double-edged knife, yet, from the merely human point of view, the thing was worth reading. I don't know, of course, what Mr. Balfour's opinion on the matter might be, but, just speaking for myself, I should have thought that, so far from the men being anxious to dress like women, the women

would have avoided the attentions of the murderer by dressing like men. There is humour, too, in the picture for those who can see it. And I am sure Mr. Balfour could.

Again, could any criminological student—I presume Mr. Balfour is one of those—fail to discover human interest in the Chicago burglar who subscribes to a Press-clipping agency in order that he may be kept up to date with regard to the valuable possessions and latest movements of the rich? . . . Stay, I was forgetting. Mr. Balfour would hardly be likely to know the meaning of the term "Press-clipping agency." I will tell him. A Press-clipping agency is a cynical institution which panders to the folly of public characters by clipping insults out of the newspapers and selling them at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five for a guinea. Compliments, being harder to find, are more expensive. If, therefore, Mr. Balfour takes it into his head to subscribe to one of these institutions, he will have to pay quite a lot for the privilege of reading all the nice things that I have said about him on this page. It would be more economical if he gave instructions to the agency that all cuttings forwarded to him should be clipped from the Radical Press.

Here is a little story, also from the newspaper, that might possibly be useful to Mr. Jacobs. (I am feeling unusually generous to-day.) A gentleman of an airy disposition went one day for a ride in a balloon. It so happened that, in sailing over Paris, he had the misfortune to collide with a chimney-pot and knock it into the street. That, after all, is a thing that might befall anybody who was riding about in a balloon. The people below, however, egged on, one may suppose, by the owner of the chimney-pot, promptly seized the dragging guide-rope and hauled the aeronaut down, balloon and all, into the street. The gentleman of the airy disposition, keeping his temper with some difficulty, now advised them to close their windows whilst he deflated the balloon. Most of them did so, but one didn't. He left his window open, the gas rushed into the house, exploded, and the man was killed. (There is a touch of drama, you see, in the story.) The gentleman of the airy disposition was exceedingly sorry, of course, but, as he pointed out to the survivors, it wasn't his fault that he was hauled down into the street; it wasn't his fault that the deceased left a window open, and it wasn't his fault that the gas exploded. "And that's all there is to say on the subject," he concluded. "Is it?" retorted the relatives, very red in the face. And they made the gentleman with the airy disposition pay £150 to the widow. Costly fun, ballooning.

Queer things happen at weddings. I read that, as a wedding-party came out of the registry-office at Brighton the other day, a lady broke through the little crowd of onlookers and threw a handful of mud in the face of the bride. That reminds me of a rather pathetic incident I once witnessed in a country village. A boy and a girl had just been married. They were quite poor and extremely shy. There was no carriage waiting for them outside the church, of course, and so they were compelled to walk to their humble cottage amid a shower of curious missiles and the taunts and jeers of their loving friends. The girl had decked herself out as well as she could for the occasion—a new blouse, a cheap hat, her best boots and skirt. The boy had a new bowler, and a suit of black, far from new, that had come to him circuitously. Up the winding street they went, man and wife, all the battle before them. Do you suppose that the boy was able to laugh at the things that were being shouted and the things that were being thrown? Do you suppose the girl had no sentiment in her, that she had been unimpressed by the solemnity of the ceremony from which she had just come? To beery eyes, I suppose, they looked funny, this humble couple in their cheap, shabby clothes. . . . The climax came when somebody, to the accompaniment of boisterous laughter, threw a dead rat at them. It was too much for the bridegroom. He made a dart for the nearest alehouse, and the girl went on alone.

FRANCE'S GIFT TO AMERICA'S "PRINCESS ROYAL."



THE Gobelins TAPESTRY THAT IS TO BE FRANCE'S WEDDING-PRESENT TO MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

The tapestry was designed by François Ehrmann, is a replica of one of a set of four in the Mazarin Gallery of the National Library, and is entitled "The Manuscript." The manufacture of Gobelins tapestries is a State monopoly and they are not obtainable commercially.

Photograph by International Agency, Paris.

MISS KATE CUTLER'S MOTOR-'BUS DRESSING-ROOM.



THE POPULAR ACTRESS AND THE VANGUARD MOTOR-'BUS IN WHICH SHE CHANGES HER COSTUME WHILE TRAVELLING BETWEEN THE GAIETY AND THE PALACE.

Miss Kate Cutler, who plays Baroness Papouche in "The Spring Chicken," is filling the forty-five minutes she is off the stage at the Gaiety every evening by appearing in the one-act absurdity, "Hero and Heroine," at the Palace Theatre. To enable Miss Cutler to make this "double," the manager of the Palace has had a Vanguard motor-'bus fitted up as a travelling boudoir, and in this Miss Cutler changes as it journeys between the theatres. One night last week the first 'bus dispatched caught fire. A second was chartered, but this refused to budge. The third decided to behave itself properly, but Miss Cutler only just avoided causing a stage "wait."

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8,
 NERO.
 By Stephen Phillips.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. Every Evening at 8.15, in *BROTHER OFFICERS*, by Leo Trevor. At 8.15, "The Dean's Dilemma." MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

CRITERION THEATRE, W.—Sole Lessee, Sir Charles Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. *THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM*. By Leedham Bantock and Arthur Anderson. Music by Howard Talbot.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S production. A New Musical Play, *THE LITTLE CHERUB*. Book by Owen Hall. Music by Ivan Caryll. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.

MR. LEWIS WALLER.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *THE HARLEQUIN KING*.
 By R. Lothar. Adapted by L. N. Parker and S. Brinton.
 MR. LEWIS WALLER. MISS EVELYN MILLARD.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S.

GEORGE ALEXANDER will REAPPEAR TO-MORROW (THURSDAY), Feb. 1, and Every Evening in a New Comedy, *HIS HOUSE IN ORDER*, by A. W. PINERO.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (by arrangement with Charles Frohman). MATINEE WEDNESDAY, Feb. 7, and EVERY following WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-two (from Oct. 18, 1905, to Jan. 10, 1906) of *THE SKETCH* can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

GENERAL NOTES.*The New Lord Justice.*

Three of the six Lords Justice of the Court of Appeal are ex-Senior Wranglers and Smith's Prizemen—Lords Justice Romer, Stirling, and Fletcher Moulton—and of the three the newest, Mr. John Fletcher Moulton, who has just succeeded Sir James Mathew, had the most sensational University career from the academic point of view. Not only was he Senior Wrangler, but it is tradition that his paper has never been surpassed, and is not likely to be. For a time Mr. Fletcher Moulton was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, but he resigned in 1873, and in the following year he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. His life has been and is, it is hardly necessary to say, a busy one, and he has contrived to be "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—lawyer, scientist, and politician. Patent law is his particular love, and he is perhaps the greatest authority on it. He first entered Parliament as member for Clapham in the Liberal interest, and he has since sat for South Hackney and the Launceston Division of Cornwall. He has been twice married—to the widow of R. W. Thompson, of Edinburgh, and, secondly, to Mary May, daughter of Major Henry Davis, of Naples.

Accuracy in Stage Costume.

With the gorgeous accuracy of the production of "Nero" still fresh in the memory, it is interesting to recall that J. R. Planché, the well-known playwright and Herald, claimed to have taken the step that led to the revolution in stage costuming that has brought so many wonderful theatre pictures into being. It was in 1823, and Kemble was about to produce "King John." Planché, knowing this, complained to the actor "that a thousand pounds were frequently lavished on a Christmas pantomime or an Easter spectacle, while the plays of Shakespeare were put upon the stage with makeshift scenery, and, at the best, a new dress or two for the principal characters. That although his brother John, whose classical mind revolted from the barbarisms which even a Garrick had tolerated, had abolished the bagwig of Brutus and the gold-laced suit of Macbeth, the alterations made in the costumes of the plays founded upon English history in particular, while they rendered them more picturesque, added but little to their propriety." Thus it was that he was permitted to make the necessary researches, design the dresses, and superintend the production of "King John"—"gratuitously," he begs leave to say, with all the emphasis of italics. The idea of wearing the flat-topped *chapeaux de fer* of the twelfth century did not appeal to the actors; "they irreverently stigmatised them as *stewpans*," and only the fact that Kemble was to don one of them induced them to do the same, for they "sulkily assumed their new and strange habiliments in the full belief that they should be roared at by the audience. They were roared at"—but the roar was one of approval.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.
The Smiths of Surbiton. Koble Howard. 6s.
The Bending of a Twig. Desmond F. T. Cooke. 6s.

JOHN LANE.
The Champagne Standard. Mrs. John Lane. 6s.

CHATTO AND WINDUS.
The Tragedies of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In 5 Vols. Vol. V. 6s.
Nature's Vagabond; and Other Stories. Cosmo Hamilton. 6s.
Caste and Creed. F. E. Penny. 6s.

ISAAC PITMAN.
The Law of Heavy and Light Mechanical Traction on Highways. C. A. Montague Barlow, LL.D., M.A. and W. Joynton Hicks. 8s. 6d.

JARROLD.
Jocelyn Eroll. Curtis Yorke. 3s. 6d.
 HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
The Comedy of Protection. Yves Guyot. 6s.

METHUEN
Rose and Honeyput. Mary F. Mann. 6s.
The Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero. Bernard W. Henderson, M.A. 7s. 6d.

JOHN LONG.
The Sinnings of Seraphine. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s.
The Bracebridges. Sarah Tytler. 6s.

ALSTON RIVERS.
Mrs. Erricker's Reputation. Thomas Cobb. 6s.

A. AND C. BLACK.
Days with Velasquez. C. Lewis Hind. 7s. 6d.

KEBLE HOWARD'S NEW NOVEL.

AN INTERESTING NOTE.

Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have great pleasure in announcing that the First Large Edition of *KEBLE HOWARD'S* New Novel is now ready at all bookshops, bookstalls, and libraries. The title is

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A COMEDY WITHOUT A PLOT.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

will accompany the King, and all the Royal personages in England at the time will grace the impressive and brilliant scene.

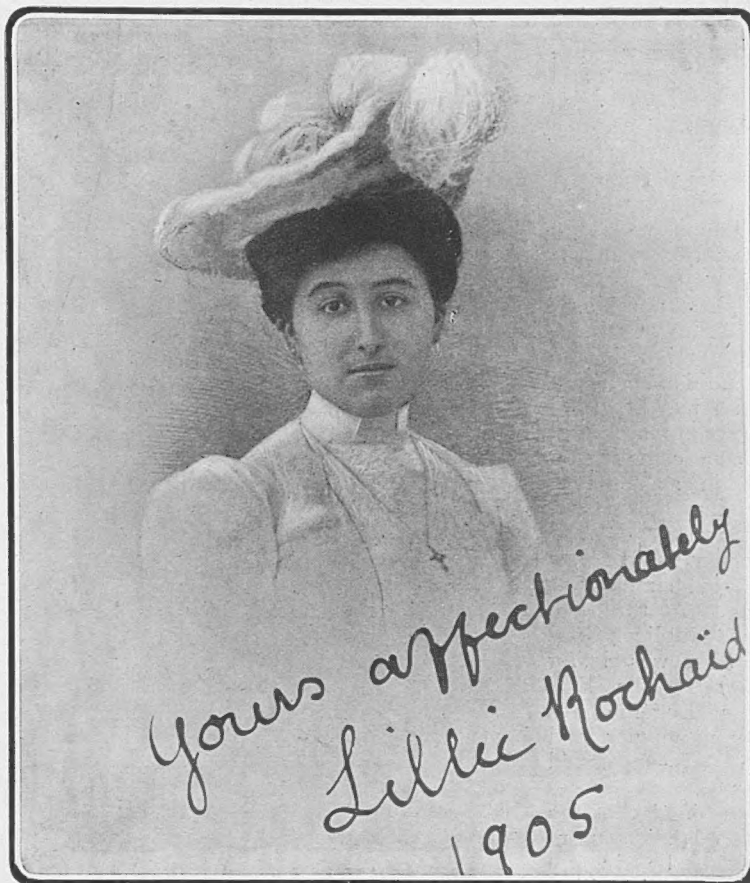
The Old Order Changeth.

On Saturday next Lord and Lady Aberdeen will make their State entry into the city of Dublin. They will find it no easy matter to succeed a couple as gracious and popular as were Lord and Lady Dudley. On the other hand, they are both affectionately remembered, and Lady Aberdeen has never slackened in her interest and practical helpfulness towards all those Irish objects and philanthropies with which she became acquainted during the last term of Lord Aberdeen's Viceroyalty. Lady Marjorie's pretty, girlish presence will be missed, but the new mistress of Dublin Castle will be surrounded by young people, and her married daughter will be often with her.

A Motor Trousseau?

It is said in Paris that the next Royal bride's trousseau will consist largely of motoring garments. When in Paris the King of Spain had every kind of motoring coat, hat, skirt, and even a selection of the leather blouses which are the auto-sartorial fad of the moment shown to him, and what is more significant, he chose and purchased a considerable number of the latter, and also some feminine motor head-gear. Most people have heard the story of the answer solemnly made to a timid purchaser of a set of strange-looking furs: "Madam, it is the skin of a *new animal*." The leather blouses worn by smart French lady motorists are sometimes made of real Russia leather, but more often of humble cheap skins admirably cured and dressed, but of whose original provenance perhaps the less said the better. Another novelty, far more becoming than the usual ear-flaps worn by so many Frenchwomen, is the auto-hood, which is becoming as well as comfortable.

*"The Marques
Covadonga."* The King of Spain, when conducting his unconventional courtship of our Sovereign's niece, chose to assume the quaint title born by his own father when the latter was engaged



THE CRICK TUNNEL MYSTERY: Mlle. LILLIE ROCHAÏD.

Mlle. Rochaid, who was on her way from her home at Dinard to St. Mary's Priory, Princethorpe, the convent at which she was at school, was found dead in the Crick Tunnel, near Rugby. Her mother is reported to have stated the other day that her daughter suffered from the nervous disease known as claustrophobia, the victim of which fears being shut in a confined space, and is always likely to attempt escape from such confinement, the theory raised being, of course, that Mlle. Rochaid sought to escape from the railway carriage in which she was travelling and thus fell upon the line.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

in a similar pleasing occupation some twenty-six years ago. In this matter King Alfonso may set a fashion to the Royal caste. When on their travels all Sovereigns adopt a *nom de guerre*, and the doing so in order to woo and win a future Queen would certainly add a touch of romance now often lacking in Royal engagements.

Wedding Bells. Ninian is the name of a saint who, fifteen hundred

years ago, wrought miracles among the Southern Picts. It is the name, moreover, of a dashing young bridegroom-elect, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, younger brother of the Marquess of Bute, and heir-presumptive to that young Peer. He holds a lieutenancy in the Scots Guards, and is three-and-twenty. The bride-to-be is Lady Ismay Lucretia Mary Preston, only daughter of Lord and Lady Gormaston. She deserves all the happiness that life may hold for her, for she narrowly missed it all. While her father was Governor of Tasmania, she, an ardent botanist, was out in search of specimens, and fell headlong down a cliff. It was a terrible tumble, but she fell cleverly, so to speak. There were many and terrible bruises, but, happily, no broken bones, and her splendid constitution and brave, gay spirits quickly pulled her back again to health.



TWIN ARTISTS AND THEIR TWIN WIVES PREPARING THE DESIGN FOR THE MENU FOR THE BANQUET TO THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IN PARIS: MM. CHANTEAU AND THEIR WIVES.

It will be remembered that we gave a photograph of the wedding of the twin painters Chanteau to the twin sisters Renaud in our issue of January 17. The visit of the London County Council to Paris is to extend from February 4 to 10.

*Madame la
Présidente.*

Madame Fallières will be a decorative "Présidente," and this in a country like France is to the good. At the time her distinguished husband married her she was somewhat his superior in rank, for he was a vine-grower's son, and she the granddaughter of a noted provincial solicitor in the old-world town of Nérac. It was rather a case of the apprentice marrying his master's daughter, for with his bride came a substantial practice, which laid the foundation for his fortune. Madame Fallières, so it is whispered of her by those who desired to see Madame Doumer occupying the great position of mistress of the Elysée Palace, has leanings towards the aristocracy. She counts many personal friends among members of the old nobility, and she would like to see the Elysée once more a social centre. In any case, Madame Fallières will be able to hold her own with ease and dignity among those great folk who come to Paris to enjoy a brief holiday. Should it fall to her lot to entertain a Queen, she will uphold the honour and dignity of French womanhood as one or two of her predecessors found it rather difficult to do. In some ways the new mistress of the Elysée recalls the delightful and kindly Madame Carnot, whose reign in the splendid old mansion which may be called the White House of France came to an end in so tragic a manner. Few people are aware that the President's wife has no legal standing as such. At the time the Republican Constitution was being drawn up the Empress Eugénie was very unpopular, and the old-fashioned Republicans were determined that the ruler of their country should be in no danger of falling under petticoat government. The fact that Madame la Présidente, as she is always styled, has no official position of her own has often led to awkward *contre-temps*, and it is said that a change in the law will probably be made. Should this come to pass, Madame Fallières will be the first to benefit by it.

*Colonel
Marchand,
Deputy.*

Colonel Marchand, of Fashoda, memory, is about to become a Parliamentarian—that is, if he can find a sufficiency of people to send him to the Palais Bourbon. Poor Marchand! He has fallen upon evil days. No one pays any attention to him now. The nation seems to have forgotten his struggles to uphold the Tricolour in the swamp of the Nile. Perhaps he has himself to blame, for his manner is certainly erratic. He intends to sail under Socialist colours in his Parliamentary cruise. This is an odd kind of "ticket," seeing that Socialism is anti-militarism in France. The Colonel, then, intends to condemn the Army and all its works? Someone put the question to him, and he answered oracularly—"I am no longer a military man, as I have retired." The Colonel, or ex-Colonel, as he may prefer to be called, has not shone as a journalist. The account of his interview with Kitchener and the famous "Have a whisky-and-soda?" made excellent reading no doubt, but it lacked the desirable quality of truth. Lately he has essayed to explain to his countrymen the intricacies of English politics; but it was a case, when he had finished, of confusion worse confounded. Marchand as deputy would be an even stranger figure than Marchand as newspaper-writer.

*Lord of the
Ancients.*

That a Duke in his time may play many parts His Grace of Manchester, the newly appointed Captain of the Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, is a cheerful and willing witness. In days when prospects were not pleasing, he slipped into sock and buskin and strode a merry hour or two upon the stage. His thirst for histrionic triumph assuaged, he dipped a ready pen into American ink and enlivened the columns of New York journals with matter which found the readiest acceptance in that land where titles are not. Then he married, in the quietest possible way, whether her father would let her or no, the daughter of Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, and at one time contemplated entering his father-in-law's office as a railway clerk. He thought better of it, and is now home in the old country, rich and happy, and Captain of the decorative body aforesaid. The Yeomen of the Guard are the oldest corps in the British service, having been first

constituted in 1485 by Henry VII. The corps should be one hundred strong, of stately old soldiers, to whom is given fifty pounds per man per year, plus Army pension. Besides the Captain, there are a Lieutenant, an Ensign, a Clerk of the Cheque, and lesser officers. The corps is an interesting survival of days when its existence had a real significance for the Sovereign's safety.

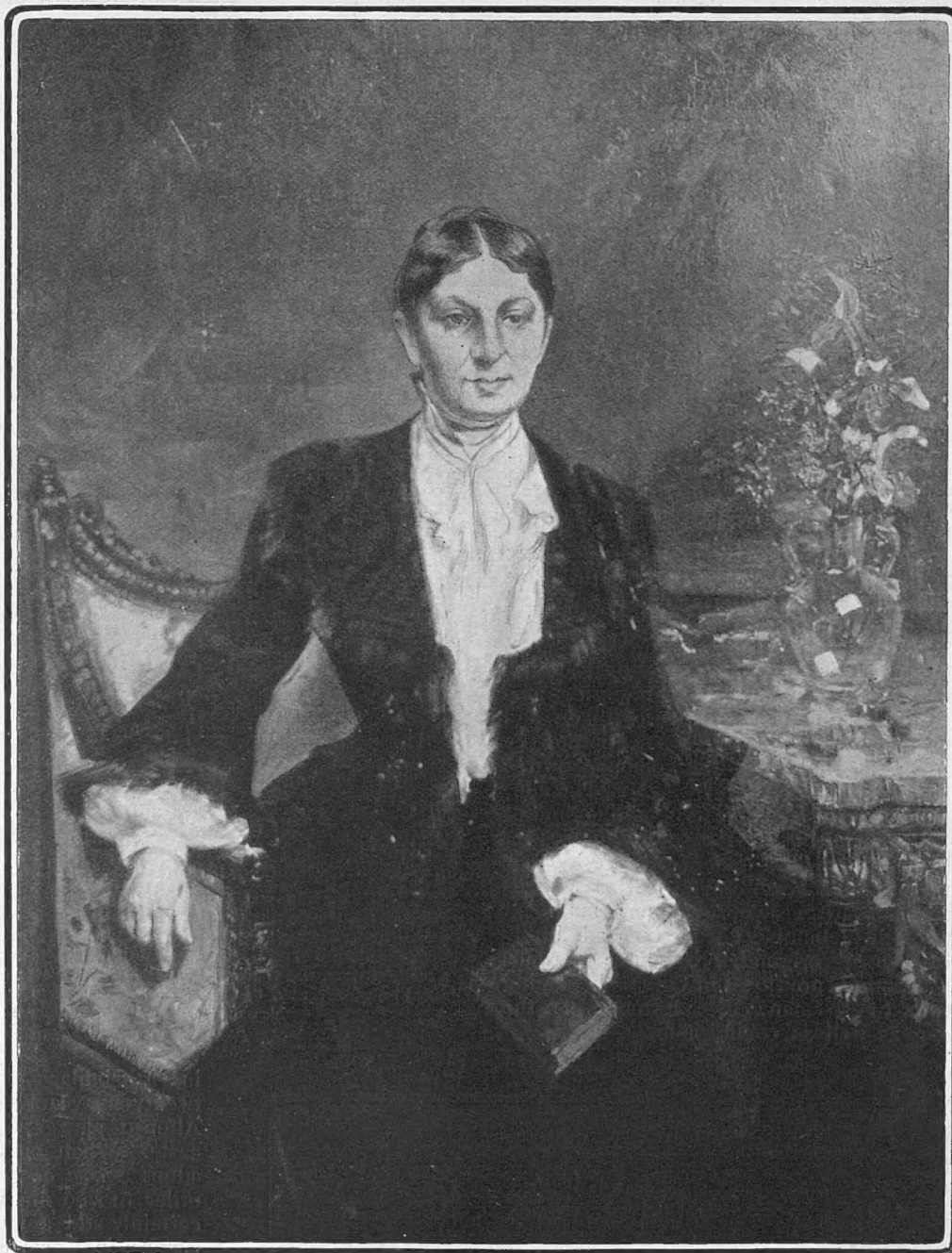
*"Beauchamp's
Career."*

Not Meredith's Beauchamp, but the new Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms. He is the only man who can boast of having held a political appointment in Lord Salisbury's last Government and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's first. He was a Unionist, but Mr. Chamberlain's policy sent him over to the otherside, and Sir Henry has been glad of his services for the post indicated. He is young, clever, independent—denounced independent, they say in Australia. His Governorship there of New South Wales ended in a kick-up. "I feel that I am too democratic for the Colony that I have to govern," he said, and came home. Some of them would give their eyebrows to get him back again in New South Wales,

where "Little Billee," as they call him, has a warm place in the hearts of a lot of people with whom he could not then agree. In his new post he is the head of the corps whose only senior is that of the Yeomen. The Captaincy is worth £1,200 a year, the Lieutenantcy £500; there is £310 for the Standard-bearer, £120 for the Clerk of the Cheque, and £70 apiece for the forty Gentlemen. The latter are required to be in attendance only for State functions, and draw their emoluments from the Privy Purse.

*The Nation's New
Trustee.*

Lord Esher, most versatile of Peers, has been chosen to succeed the late Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff as Trustee of the British Museum. His Majesty has a genius for selecting the right men for peculiar posts. Lord Esher has always been, in the real sense of the word, a bookman. He is one of those who read widely, and write when they have anything to say. Partly French by ancestry, he is familiar with foreign literature; and Lady Esher was a daughter of that Belgian statesman, the late M. Van der Weyer, who was so intimate and trusted a friend of Queen Victoria.



MADAME LA PRÉSIDENTE: MME. FALLIÈRES, WIFE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

From the Painting by Alice Leconte.



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS FRENCH MAN OF LETTERS:
MME. CATULLE MENDÈS.

Photograph by Otto.

she chose to marry the Princess of Wales's brother and to remain in her native country. Her Royal Highness takes an active part in many of the charitable efforts which owe so much to the Duchess of Albany's active help and encouragement, and some of the first messages of congratulation received at Claremont came from the East End.

Madame Catulle Mendès.

The famous French man of letters who has been in turn poet, journalist, novelist, and last, not least, playwright—we refer, of course, to Catulle Mendès—has married a wife. This is M. Mendès' second matrimonial experiment, and his beautiful bride, who is young enough to be his daughter, is one of the most striking personalities in literary and artistic Paris. Madame Catulle Mendès extracts the utmost

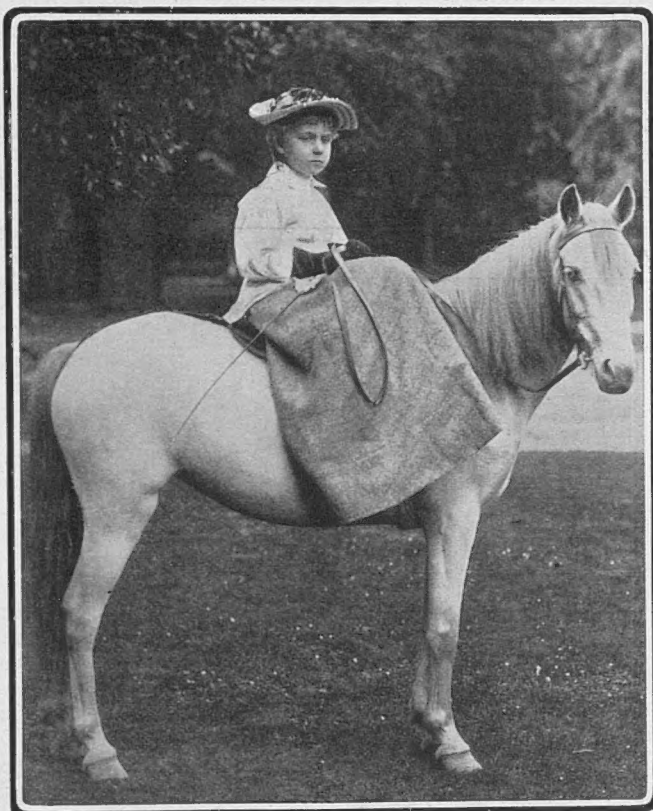


THE MOTHER OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S LATEST DESCENDANT:
PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Photograph by Thomson.

The Royal Romance.

All those who were in any way connected with the Court of Queen Victoria are taking a very special interest in Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg's doings. The late Sovereign was devoted to this youthful granddaughter, who was, so to speak, brought up at her knee, and it is easy to imagine with what intense solicitude Her Majesty would have followed every step of the complicated negotiations which now bid fair to turn a British Princess into a Queen of Spain. Her Highness shares King Alfonso's love of animals and outdoor pursuits. Even as a child she was never happier than when riding and walking. In these ways she is likely to be much in advance of any of her queenly predecessors at Madrid.



THE ROYAL ROMANCE: PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG
AT THE AGE OF FIVE.

Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.

Queen Victoria's Latest Descendant.

Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck are being very warmly congratulated on the birth of their first child, a baby Princess, who is the latest addition to our late Sovereign's many descendants in the fourth generation. Princess Alexander, as Princess Alice of Albany, was one of the most eligible of marriageable maidens belonging to the Royal caste, but

At Biarritz.

Biarritz seems to be particularly favoured by the modern Kings of Spain when they go wooing their wives. It was at the Duchesse de Montpensier's chalet, not far from the Villa Mouriscot, that the young King of Spain's father, Alfonso XII., met his first wife, Maria de las Mercédès, in 1877. The Duchesse de Montpensier and her daughter were then living in a chalet in the forest of Arcachon.

Lady Ottoline Morell.

Even in the Radical section of the new House of Commons there is to be found a strong aristocratic leaven. A case in point is that of Lady Ottoline Morell, the only sister of the Duke of Portland, whose husband, Mr. Philip Morell, is one of those fortunate M.P.s who have been elected "the first time of asking." Lady Ottoline is as keen a politician as is her husband, and when canvassing she makes it a point to argue with the electors and their wives, and to obtain their votes by making them share her principles rather than by the easier method of personal influence and persuasion. Lady Ottoline had a college education, and it was while she was at Newnham that she first met her future husband.



THE WIFE OF THE CHIEF GOVERNMENT WHIP:
MRS. GEORGE WHITELEY.

Photograph by L. Shawcross.

she can out of life: she loves Society, but she loves the country too, and each summer sees her established in a delightful villa near Paris. There she and the witty Catulle entertain their friends and lead a modified form of "the simple life" for some five months of the year.

The Chief Whip's Wife.

Mrs. George Whiteley, who will take a prominent place among Liberal hostesses, is the wife of the new Chief Liberal Whip. As the mistress of a charming house in Prince's Gate, and the better half of a popular politician, who at a moment when the tide was strongly Conservative deliberately changed his opinion and became a Liberal, she has already done a great deal of entertaining. The Whips are almost always chosen among those fortunate men who have clever and agreeable wives. The post, though one of high honour, is in some ways a very thankless one.



AN ARISTOCRATIC RADICAL: LADY OTTOLINE MORELL,
ONLY SISTER OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

Photograph by Beresford.

"Time, Please!" The French Government is about to abandon its meridian of Paris to adopt that of Greenwich. As a result, you will have English time in France in future. Some people, who have not yet arrived at the conclusion that English time is as good as French, are rather indignant. "Give us back our nine minutes," they shout indignantly, because Paris, being east of Greenwich, gets out of bed nine minutes earlier of a morning. Now, why should the Frenchman give away his nine minutes to the English and get nothing for it? The *Intransigeant*, which is the rejuvenated organ of Henri Rochefort, is quite vexed about it, and refers to the matter as "a grave eventuality, requiring much reflection before abandoning the meridian." We can imagine the comments of the Parisian Malaprops. "Why should we have this meridian of Greenwich dumped upon us? Do we not pay enough taxes as it is?" Really, the time is getting horribly mixed on the other side of the Channel. Presently they will not know one hour from another. Here, for instance, is the Mayor of Cherbourg ordering the Parochial Associations to keep the

church clocks in order, so that the people may know how to set their watches. But the Cherbourg Churchmen refuse to do anything of

a very delicate attention is being paid to the visitor from across the Straits. Interpreters are in attendance. Supposing, therefore, that a blushing son of Albion wished to express his admiration for the fair form and features of an artiste on the stage, the man of tongues is at hand to turn the message from good Peckham English into good Belleville French. It is an admirable arrangement. However, there might be inconveniences to the bashful man. To have to explain how your heart fluttered at the sight of so much beauty to the beery and cheery go-between, and to be told as a response that the lady drank champagne and had a large thirst is apt to take off the topmost cream of romance. "Oh, yes."

"Little Venice." The difficulty between France and Venezuela has once more turned the attention of the world to the South American Republic which bears the odd name of Little Venice. It got its name in this fashion. When, in 1498, Christopher Columbus sailed along the coast, the first village at which he touched was built on a number of lagoons, and the houses were erected on piles, which recalled Venezia, or Venice, to his mind. The sailors called the place Veneziella, or Little Venice, and



GERMANY.—BARONESS ELISE VON HAUSLER.

Some years ago, the Baroness, who was the Lady Superior of a Roman Catholic convent, was accused of poisoning a Sister, was found guilty, and was sentenced to six years' penal servitude. She was liberated two months ago by order of the Bavarian Minister of Justice, and she is now suing the Bavarian Government for damages.

the sort, arguing that, the Church having been separated from the State, they have no responsibility. So Cherbourg has no time at all.

Will the Japanese be Converted to Islam?

It is known that the Sultan of Turkey, inspired by his dread of Russia, followed the war in the Far East with the greatest attention, but it is not so generally known that Perten Pasha was present through the campaign in Manchuria with the Japanese. The Pasha has now returned to Europe, after having spent some time in Tokio, where he was received by the Mikado in a private audience, and decorated with the highest Japanese Order. But what gives the Pasha's visit especial interest is the fact that the Sultan is most anxious to bring about a close alliance with the Mikado, and to convert the Japanese to Islam. There are already several Mussulman communities in Japan, and quite recently a number of teachers have set out from Constantinople to preach the Koran in the Kingdom of the Rising Sun. Although Shintoism is the religion of the majority of the Japanese, there is perfect religious freedom in the country, and in some respects Mohammedanism is well fitted to the idiosyncrasies of the people.

"Oh, Yes."

Time was when "Oh, yes" called after the British tourist in the streets of Paris meant no compliment at all. But the *entente* of blessed cordiality has changed all that. Now, when they say "Oh, yes," when you stroll by on the boulevards, it means a sort of pass-word of amiability. Wonderful the progress all things English have made recently in *la ville lumière*. The language schools are full of youth learning the tongue of Shakspeare and Rudyard Kipling. A Frenchman is desperately apologetic when he cannot speak English. In the music-halls

THE MOST TALKED-OF
WOMEN IN GERMANY,
SWITZERLAND, & RUSSIA.



SWITZERLAND.—MLLE. BUTTICAR.

Mlle. Butticar, who is a Swiss, is the first European lady who has chosen to adopt engineering as a profession. She gained a diploma with honour at Lausanne University, and was sixth in order of merit. She is now practising at Geneva, and much is expected of her.

Columbus gave the name to the territory all round it. When the Spaniards became masters of the country they pronounced the word Venezuela, and it has kept the name ever since. It is worth noting that the Republic with which she is now quarrelling belonged to France, after a fashion, for five years, as from 1808 to 1813 Joseph Bonaparte was King of Spain, and Venezuela was part of his dominions.

Spirit-Rapping Detectives.

Some of the Sherlock Holmeses of Zürich will need all the ingenuity their respective Watsons can command to extricate them from the position in which they are placed. Failing the ordinary clues of commerce, they sought the aid of spirits in their search for thieves and their booty. "Seek in a certain place," said their counsellors. They sought, and, lamentable to record, they are now charged with breaking into a house. Men of evil mind suggest that it would be interesting to know from what type of bottle the spirits emerged. Was it not Dan Leno who was wont to tell of a gentleman who sat and rapped, and rapped for spirits until he fell under the table?

Queen Alexandra and "Togo."

The one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin will surely make the gallant little Japs feel kindly to King Edward's Consort. Her Majesty's favourite dumb friend, a priceless Japanese dog, has been named by Her Majesty "Togo," and a portrait of Queen Alexandra and her pet accompanies Prince Arthur of Connaught to Japan. The great fighters of the world have ever provided animals with names. "Duke," a favourite Early Victorian doggy cognomen, came, of course, from the great Wellington. "Bobs" rules many a household. As for Lord Kitchener, at one time half the donkeys in Egypt were named "Herbert" in his honour.



RUSSIA.—THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

Our photograph shows the notorious hypnotic medium known as the magnetic girl of Vladikavkaz, in the Caucasus. A St. Petersburg newspaper asserts, quite seriously, that when she enters a kitchen all the knives turn with their blades towards her, and the crockery is violently agitated.

A GAIETY ACTRESS SHADOWED BY DETECTIVES.



MISS MARION WINCHESTER, "THE SUGAR QUEEN," WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

Miss Marion Winchester is an American, but a Free Trader, her experience of Protection in her native land having been anything but pleasant. Some months ago she went to New York on the "St. Louis," and, in response to the usual inquiry, informed the customs official that she had nothing to declare. On an examination of her luggage, however, it was decided that she had far too many jewels to pass, and she was escorted to the chief office, where her jewels were weighed and tested, and a demand for £12,000 duty made. Protestations proved unavailing, and Miss Winchester declared that rather than pay or deposit her jewels she would leave America by the next steamer. On this understanding she was allowed to retain her gems, but during the two days she remained in her native country she was continually shadowed by detectives, who were fearful that she would sell her jewels. When she did leave, the jewels were carefully checked to see that none had been disposed of.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



By E. A. B.

Gone Aloft.

If you believe a tithe of what M. Santos-Dumont predicted to the present writer, we shall all some day "balloon" as a matter of course—the adequate verb will come in time. We shall go to the Poles as the coolest place in summer, the shadiest in winter, and have our golf championships decided on the ice-fields. When that day comes we shall not be so unfortunate as a friend of a former Lord Clanricarde. Newly returned from the Continent, he met Lady Clanricarde when she was out driving.



THE TSAR'S POTATO-CHIPPERS AT WORK IN THE OPEN-AIR KITCHENS AT TSARSKOE SELO.

One of the Tsar's favourite dishes is potatoes "chipped" in the English manner, and the two cooks here photographed are particularly expert in preparing the vegetable in the desired fashion. The style in which they wear their hair originated in the rule that, for hygienic reasons, all women cooks at Tsarskoe Selo should have their hair cut short. Naturally enough, this rule is unpopular, and the women wear their hair as long as they dare.

safe to assume that her officials have been busy. Men eminent in the service of the State are as well hated by those not of their way of thinking as they are admired by those whose opinions they voice. The State cannot afford to lose these men, so she tells off private detectives to guard them. It is a prosaic course, but sensible. All our big men—Gladstone, Salisbury, Harcourt, Lord Spencer, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour—have had at one time or another to be silently shadowed by these human shields. Probably our leaders in this contest have never gone twenty yards without the superintendence of Scotland Yard. The precaution is the more effective from the fact that practically nobody knows that it is taken. The fear of violent death does come upon the mighty. Disraeli in his old age was approached by a labouring man whose purpose was to thank him for a gift of winter clothing. As the man passed on the statesman turned to his companion to remark, "I thought he was going to stab me."

A Noble Jehu.

Although Gladstone seems never to have known the meaning of physical fear, his life was often menaced. Perhaps the most sensational though least known occasion was the night of the execution of O'Donnell for the murder of Carey. The Gladstones were dining out in the neighbourhood of Hawarden. News was sent down from the Home Office, of which Mr. Herbert Gladstone is now the head, that an attempt was to be made to assassinate the great statesman. The threat did not prevent his keeping the appointment for dinner. Other guests arriving were surprised, however, to find the place surrounded by police. The main thing was to get to the house. All danger was dissipated by the character of the guard supplied. Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, armed with revolvers, played the parts that night of coachman and footman respectively. And no assassin reared his ugly head high enough for the men on the box to shoot.

The Head of Mr. Chamberlain.

The tumult dies down. Men and matters settle into place, and here, after the most enthralling election of modern times, we calmly prepare for the opening of the new Parliament as placidly as if nothing untoward had happened. Here and there events have occurred between rival factions much to be deplored; but seeing how keen has been the excitement of the contest, the whole has passed off with such little violence as to make it contrast quite favourably with other elections within living memory. The hard-hitting men have swung their flails with vigour, but nobody's head has been cracked, albeit some, perhaps from a different cause, are a little swollen. We have not had any such violent antipathies expressed as marked the preliminaries to the election of 1885. Then the late Lord Salisbury was fervently hoping that in given circumstances the head of Mr. Chamberlain would be cracked.

Crowns and Cracks.

The Member for West Birmingham had been discussing the possibility of Birmingham's marching on London, as their forefathers, earlier in the century, had threatened to march. "Well," said Lord Salisbury, "I only hope that, if Mr. Chamberlain incites the people to riot, he will head the riot himself. I hope that if he is going, according to his threat, to march on London from Birmingham, we may see him at the head of the advancing column. My impression is that those who have to receive him will be able to give a very good account of him, and that Mr. Chamberlain will return from his adventure with a broken head." To this Mr. Chamberlain had ready the reply, "I am not afraid of Lord Salisbury, nor of his retainers, and I will accept the challenge on one condition—that Lord Salisbury shall himself lead the column

Guarding Britain's Statesmen.

Scotland Yard has lain low during the elections, but it is

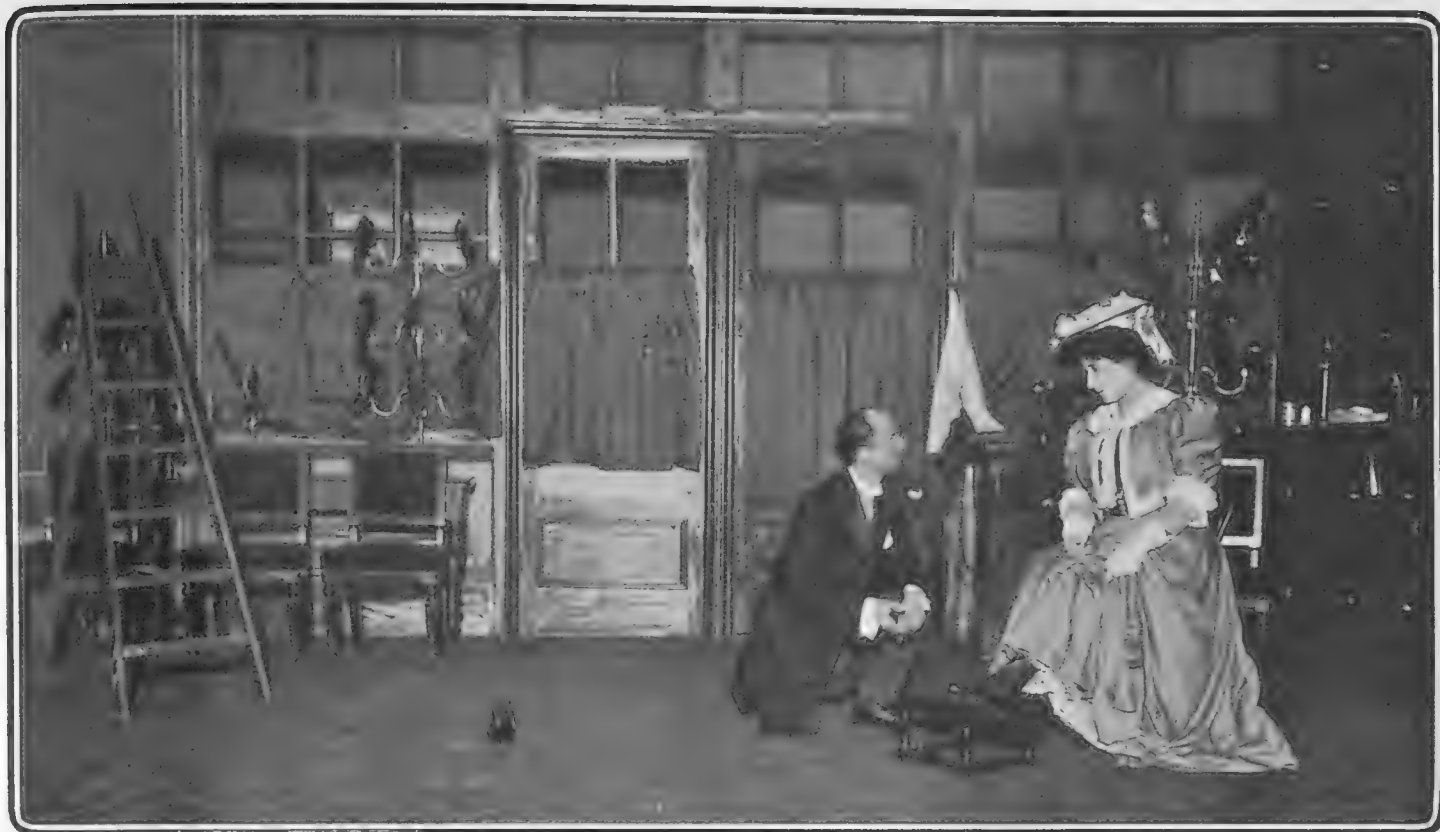


Mr. Wynford Philipps. Mr. Owen Philipps. Colonel Ivor Philipps.
A TRIO OF GIANT BROTHER M.P.s: MESSRS. WYNFORD PHILIPPS, OWEN PHILIPPS, AND COLONEL IVOR PHILIPPS.

The trio of Liberal M.P.s whose portraits we give are the sons of the Rev. Sir Erasmus Philipps, and are all of giant proportions. Mr. Wynford Philipps, elected Member for Pembroke County, is 6 ft. 3 in.; Mr. Owen Philipps, Member for Pembroke Borough, 6 ft. 7 in.; and Colonel Ivor Philipps, Member for Southampton, 6 ft. 4 in.

which is to withstand us. In that case, if my head be broken, it will be broken in very good company." Now, this time, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman have not so much as mentioned quarterstaves. Jiu-jitsu may have been foreshadowed, but it has been purely academic jiu-jitsu.

"THE HEROIC STUBBS," AT TERRY'S.



Roland Stubbs (Mr. James Welch). Lady Hermione Candlish (Miss Gertrude Kingston).

ROLAND STUBBS FITS LADY HERMIONE CANDLISH WITH A PAIR OF BOOTS, AND EXPLAINS WHY SHE IS HIS IDEAL.

Roland Stubbs, a Piccadilly bootmaker, owner of a patent for soft kid and an income of some £4,000 a year, finds the ideal necessary to his existence in Lady Hermione Candlish, who befriended him when he was an errand-boy and she a small girl. Lady Hermione is one of his best customers, and he finds the fitting of her boots the greatest pleasure of his life, to the mild indignation of his sister Flora, who implores him not to make his feelings so evident. Lady Hermione, a lady of much innocent indiscretion, is engaged in a flirtation with Willie Dellow, a professional fascinator of women, and, despite her husband's protestations and her promise that she will obey him, she goes secretly to Yavercliff, there to inspect Dellow's yacht, the "Leopardess," and dine aboard her. Stubbs, hearing of this and knowing Dellow's reputation, takes a special train to Yavercliff, and arrives there a few minutes before Dellow and Lady Hermione. With the aid of his sister, he discovers that the "Leopardess" is to sail for Dieppe that night, and as soon as he has the opportunity he seeks to dissuade Lady Hermione from going aboard her. She, however, arguing that curiosity is to a woman's passion to a man, says that she will go, but extracts the promise from Dellow that immediately after dinner she and her maid shall be sent ashore.—



Willie Dellow (Mr. Eille Norwood). Roland Stubbs. Flora Stubbs (Miss Gertrude Burnett).

ROLAND STUBBS ALMOST COMES TO BLOWS WITH WILLIE DELLOW, WHO HAS SOUGHT TO COMPROMISE LADY HERMIONE CANDLISH.

—The promise is given, but Stubbs, unaware of it, pulls out to the yacht to warn his "ideal." On his way out, he meets the boat bringing Lady Hermione back to land; then an incautious move on the part of Lady Hermione's lady's-maid causes the upsetting of her boat, whereupon Stubbs jumps into the water, and, as he himself puts it afterwards, escorts her ashore. Staying in the inn is a journalist whose business it is apparently to rake up social scandals for the benefit of the readers of the paper to which he is attached. This worthy scents "copy" in the episode, and has his curiosity aroused by the fact that the name of the rescued lady is carefully concealed. The next morning, Lady Hermione, with the assistance of Stubbs, leaves Yavercliff without anyone being the wiser, and hopes that gossip will be averted. The journalist, however, takes good care that this shall not be the case, and the story of the "unknown fair" becomes the sensation of the hour. So pertinacious is Mr. Harvey Dix, the writer in question, that he contrives to track the stranger to "Culverlands," where she is staying with her husband. Here Stubbs is brought on the scene, and many efforts are made to worm his secret from him. Stubbs, however, is silent, tackles the journalist on his arrival, and eventually persuades him to drop the scent, with the result that all ends happily, with the forgiveness of Lady Hermione, who confesses to her husband.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"NERO"—"BROTHER OFFICERS"—"THE HEROIC STUBBS."

IT is to be hoped that "Nero" will have a great success, for whatever one's individual opinion as to the value of the play, it is at least a sincere effort by a real poet to write a great drama, and Mr. Tree has made tremendous endeavours to secure a triumph for it. It could be wished that people of genius had a little more common-sense—a very commonplace thought, no doubt—and it is regrettable that as subject for his ambitious drama the dramatist should have chosen a few episodes in the life of a beast like Nero: a beast who after boyhood never seems to have acted decently in any phase of life, and yet had not the poetical aspect connected with the great criminals who have done desperate, perilous deeds. If it be necessary to look to the past in search of subjects for blank-verse plays—and I do not think so—there are thousands less repulsive and more interesting. Why attempt to make silk purses out of sows' ears unless the silkworms have been lazy? However, genius is wayward, and we must be glad enough of its manifestations, even when their form is injudicious. "Nero" contains a great deal of beautiful poetry, some of which even gets across the footlights, and a striking, if curiously incomplete story is told in a dignified way and unsullied by inadequate efforts at comic relief. There are some really stirring passages, and one or two vastly impressive scenes; indeed, the piece began admirably, and if there had not been a falling-off after the second act, "Nero" would have been a great drama. Unfortunately, the third act drags, whilst the fourth appears merely tacked on to introduce the spectacle of burning Rome. Nevertheless, if Mr. Tree will but suppress elegant but needless lines with as little compunction as Nero showed in suppressing innocent lives—though not on so lavish a scale, or there would be none of the play left—he would render the second half so vigorous that the whole play would interest, even thrill, everybody. It shows, alas! no development of Mr. Phillips as dramatist, though some ripening as craftsman, and considerable skill in devising strong, showy situations, of which, of course, Mr. Tree takes full advantage. I expect the real attraction to the public will not be the verse, since few of the general mass have much joy in rhythm or fine choice of words, but the stirring situations, and of course the wonderful setting. One does not like to talk about Mr. Tree surpassing himself; to do so seems to suggest the annual notice on the pantomimes. Enough, then, that there is a succession of scenes of great splendour and even greater beauty, that the bizarre is introduced cleverly into the gorgeous and the voluptuous, and that nothing more magnificent, yet tasteful, than several of the pictures has been presented before on our stage. Mr. Tree's Nero, until perhaps the last act, is quite a wonderful piece of acting in its suggestion of imaginative madness. Mrs. Tree's Agrippina was superb, Miss Dorothea Baird rendered Acte charmingly, Miss Collier's Poppæa was effective and ingenious, and several others—notably Messrs. Somerset, Basil Gill, Harding, Fisher White, and James Hearn—played excellently.

Three original English plays in a week form a rather rare collection nowadays, even when one of them, like "Brother Officers," is a revival and not a first production. Concerning Mr. Leo Trevor's piece, which has been trimmed and polished a little for its re-presentation at the Garrick, there is not much now to be said. It is a simple affair with plenty of obvious humour and sentiment and

some fair acting parts, and there is no pretence at any effort to refresh it with modern ideas. Moreover, its many uniforms should serve to delight the ladies. Perhaps the acting seems a little disappointing, since I do not believe the players are to be blamed. The John Hinds of Mr. Bouchier has a number of very clever strokes, yet does not make a great impression; the actor's curious power of giving individuality for once is rather ineffectual. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, strange to say, is almost uninteresting as the unattainable idol of the heroic "ranker": yet she has lost none of her art and charm. Mr. Trollope, in the purely melodramatic part of the vulgar, wicked millionaire, comes closer to success; whilst Mr. O. B. Clarence, an "old man" actor of remarkable skill, does not make the Colonel very interesting.

Miss Muriel Beaumont certainly was charming in a simple *ingénue* part. Still, it would be unfair to suggest that the piece did not give pleasure to a great many people, and if it hardly appeals to the sophisticated, has at least a great deal to charm thousands of playgoers.

It is rather a curious coincidence that in essential idea there is great resemblance between "Brother Officers" and "The Heroic Stubbs." In each the central figure is a "nature's gentleman" who has set his heart upon a lady of high degree, for love of whom he is willing to make any sacrifice. Still the difference between the two is more striking than the resemblance. For the heroic Stubbs, the bootmaker, is a remarkably successful picture of the "nature's gentleman." The bootmaker, urged by love or an ideal of love, has succeeded in becoming a gentleman in all save status and certain mere superficial matters of gentility, and his hopeless unselfish passion has made a man of him and given even a touch of poetry, and all this is exquisitely brought out by Mr. James Welch. One is almost tempted to wish that Mr. Arthur Jones had done a little violence to his scheme, and given him some reward, but this, of course, was impossible. Some doubt has been

expressed as to whether Mr. Welch has started his campaign at the redecorated Terry's very well; but when a little bit of cutting has been done the new play will be very entertaining and will thoroughly amuse everybody except some of the critics who are never tired of attacking its author. No doubt at times the comedy becomes rather farcical, as in the scenes with the irresistibly comic landlord, admirably acted by Mr. Dagnall, and I hope that we are to disbelieve in the humours of the newspaper reporter, presented cleverly by Mr. Tully. There are people who doubt whether ladies in the position of Lady Hermione play such pranks as we are shown; but it may be observed that those who think there is a flaw in the play in that Stubbs is outwitted by Mr. Dellow and does not prevent her from going on the yacht, fail to see that his ideal justifies her belief in herself by getting out of danger unaided by him. A really brilliant performance is given by Miss Gertrude Kingston: indeed, the shoemaker and the lady present to us two pieces of acting such as we do not often see. And several other characters are excellently played, such as Flora Stubbs by Miss Gertrude Burnett, Mrs. Treviss by Miss Irene Rooke, the slightly elevated gentleman (?) by Mr. Sydney Brough, the wicked lover by Mr. Eille Norwood, and the husband by Mr. Dennis Eadie.



Photo. Dover St. Studios.

THE RECENT REVIVAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS ROSALIND, MR. CHARLES GROVES AS TOUCHSTONE, AND MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX AS CELIA.

Makers of the British Stage.



VIII.—MR. JAMES WELCH.

Mr. Welch began his season at Terry's with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "The Heroic Stubbs" on Wednesday of last week.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMSHURST.

HOUSES OF GLASS: A CITY OF CRYSTAL.

DES MOINES, Iowa, should henceforth be known as the White City of America, or as the Glass City, by reason of the unique nature of some of the new buildings in course of erection in it. Houses built entirely of glass supported on a steel frame are a new idea in America and in the world. Mr. C. E. Eastman, a Des

Moines architect, has not completed them yet. They will be submitted to the council in about a month. All the aldermen are in favour of the new material, believing that a splendid public building will be a great advertisement for the town, which is a type of the progressive city of the prairies.

While the exterior of the buildings is a plain white in colour, the natural hue of the glass, the interior wall of glass is ornamental and is worked out in designs, thus doing away with the painting and renewing of the interior decorations from year to year. The double walls admit sufficient light to make windows superfluous.

Glass for the construction of these buildings is manufactured from the yellow and white sands of Iowa and Missouri. Up to the present date the material has all been shipped from St. Louis, but

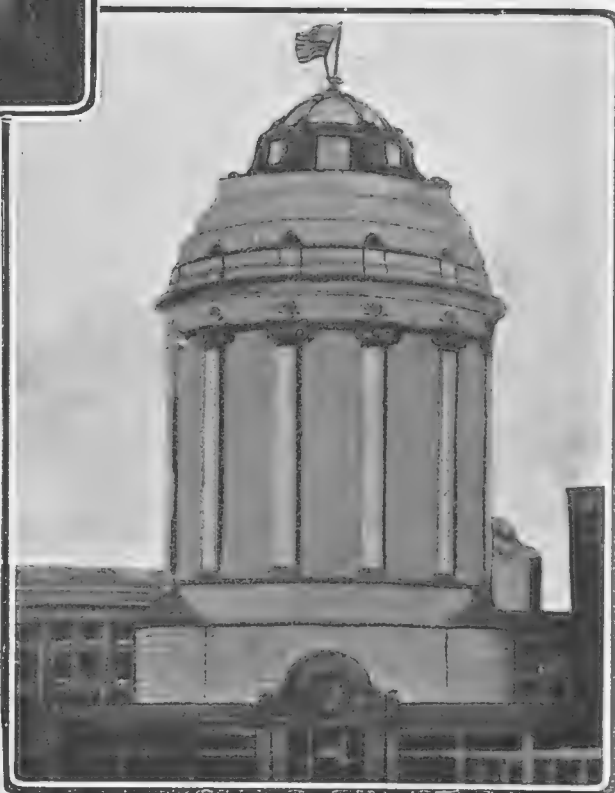


A DESIGN FOR A METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF GLASS.

Moines architect, has succeeded in convincing the directors of the Des Moines Savings Bank that glass is a feasible material for the construction of large fireproof buildings; and three such structures are already contemplated.

The Des Moines Savings Bank, already begun, is the largest of these proposed buildings. It will be ten storeys high and have a 160-foot front, occupying a block in the business district of the city. It is to be built of white opalescent glass about an inch in thickness and reinforced by a steel wire screen or net, such as is used in roofing and building construction. This glass is set in a steel frame, and the business block is of steel-frame construction, on the plan of the large brick buildings of America. The outer covering of glass is white, and resembles marble, except that it is brighter and is always clean, dust and smoke blowing off it freely. It is a plain business block and is intended for office use.

The trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal Church have asked Mr. Eastman to prepare a design for a church to be built of glass, and he has submitted



A-REJECTED DESIGN FOR A 26-STOREY, WINDOWLESS OFFICE BUILDING OF GLASS.

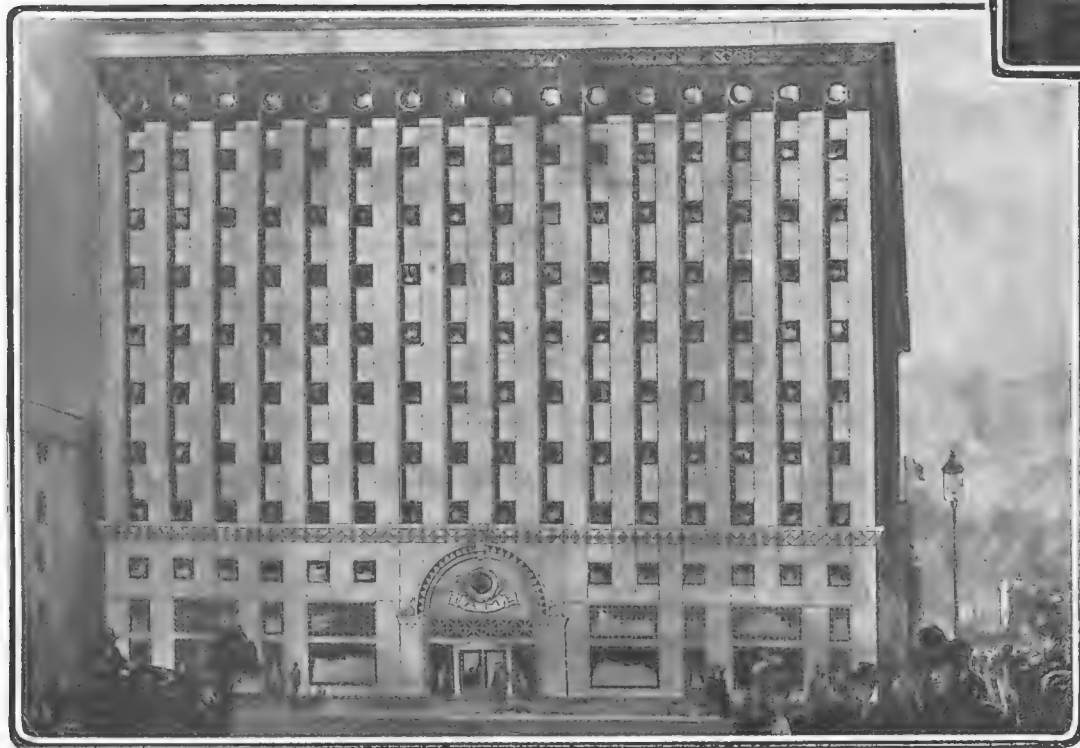
there is now a factory established, so that Des Moines promises to become a glass-manufacturing centre.

While the designs for buildings up to ten storeys high have been accepted, the design submitted for a twenty-six storey building without windows and extremely ornate was rejected both in Des Moines and in Indianapolis, capitalists being unwilling to experiment on so tall a building until the lower ones of glass had been thoroughly tested. Furthermore, the design does not find favour in the inland towns, where land is abundant and everything is roomy, because of its extreme height.

The idea of houses built of glass originated in Des Moines, and there are many business blocks and department stores, eight to twelve storeys high, whose fronts are entirely of glass. The architect, Mr. C. E. Eastman, reasoned

that if glass fronts can be successful it is just as easy to build four walls on a steel-frame construction as to build one, and his idea is attracting wide attention throughout the United States. In cost the glass houses are less expensive than brick, and much less than stone.

A third glass building is contemplated, a City Hall for the offices of the Municipality. The architect has been asked to prepare plans, but



THE DES MOINES GLASS SAVINGS-BANK, AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

Photographs supplied by E. Bechly.

A PRINCESS IN "BRUM."

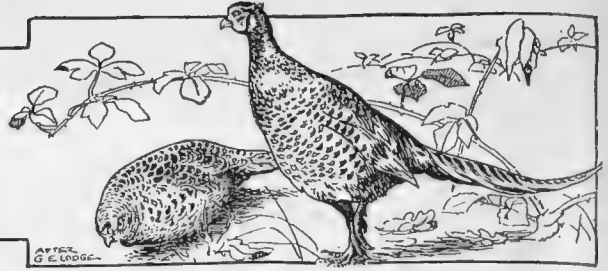


MISS FANNY DANGO AS PRINCESS SO-SHI IN "ALADDIN," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield; scenery, demons, and so forth by "The Sketch."



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

The Coming of Close Time.

To-day sees the last of the season's serious shooting, as far as the law is concerned, although many of us who are a law to ourselves in a matter of this kind have laid the gun aside for some week or two. But until the 31st of January comes round we always have a feeling that if a tempting shot offer, or a tempting invitation arrive, we may still take



A PET PIG AND ITS OWNER.

The pig, which was reared by hand, knows its mistress's voice perfectly, will run to her in answer to a call, and follows her about like a dog.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

advantage of it. Now the case is different. I remember last year staying in the country at a place where partridge-shooting is excellent, but pheasants are few. My window looked out across a meadow, fringed by a little plantation, and a very bright morning woke me soon after daybreak. Through the open window I saw about half-a-dozen pheasants feeding upon some corn that had been dropped on the previous evening from a sack that was being carried to the fowl-houses from the farm. I dressed hurriedly and went down to my host's room to rouse him with the good news. He jumped up almost as quickly as I had done; then an unpleasant thought struck him. "First of February," he remarked, slipping back between the sheets; "go to bed again." Then for the first time I remembered the date, and for a moment the morning seemed to lose a part of its brightness.

Gamekeeping Work.

Happily, one soon loses the instinct to shoot. There are so many other interests to attract us with the changing year. With the 1st of February, if not before, everything that runs and flies claims sympathetic attention, unless it be stoat, rat, weasel, or carrion-crow, and then, of course, the attention is not sympathetic. It is astonishing to find how much there is to be done in the spring months by the enthusiast who takes a personal interest in his own shooting. There are a dozen different ways in which he may help to bring about the desired results, and in these days when the poaching of game-birds' eggs has grown to an alarming extent a wise man who has no more than a few hundred acres of shooting will know where every nest on his land is set. I have learned by practical experience that better results are obtained from a little personal attention to the land than can be had from hired service of any description. Of course, a big estate or a highly preserved shooting must claim the undivided attention of a staff of competent men. I am thinking now of the small places, whose rent is quite moderate, while they yield excellent results both to the sportsman and to the naturalist.

The Need for Protection.

The modern conditions of shooting, designed as they are to favour big bags, make it absolutely necessary for the land and its inhabitants to enjoy a long period of repose. The 10th of December, for example, is quite late enough to shoot grouse, be they white, red, or black, and most sportsmen competent to express an opinion would like to see the opening days for black-game fixed for the middle of September rather than the 20th of August. In foreign countries, where there is no close season, there is not nearly so much shooting on big estates, although outside preserved districts you may wander for miles without finding a game-bird, even in country particularly suited to its habits. In France and Italy, for example, the Sunday sportsman makes up a bag that includes larks, linnets, thrushes, and fieldfare, and doubtless, when these fail him, he does not hesitate to do as the great Tartarin did in the days when he had not set out from Tarascon to conquer the lions of the Atlas.

The Simple Sportsman.

They have delightfully simple ways in the lesser known European countries, and in Northern Africa they are not on speaking terms with game laws of any description. In Andalusia I have been offered roast partridge in the month of May, and—woe is me—being hungry, have



TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR AN EGG: THE FINELY MARKED SPECIMEN OF THE GREAT AUK'S EGG SOLD AT STEVENS' THE OTHER DAY.

Only eighty specimens of the great auk's egg exist, and the record price paid for one is 300 guineas. Mr. Middlebrook was the purchaser of the example here illustrated, which is shown by the side of a hen's egg.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

eaten thereof. Beyond Constantinople, on the grassy lands where the quails love to light on their journey to their northern breeding-grounds, they are trapped and shot with hideous indiscrimination in the spring of the year. In Northern Africa, from Tangier to Cairo, nobody seems to stop to inquire what the month

may be. It is sufficient that there should be game in sight and a gun in hand. The Arabs, who, given the time and the weapon, are keen sportsmen, will pursue a bird for an hour; but they will not hesitate to shoot it sitting. I remember remonstrating with a Moorish servant once because he shot a sitting partridge, and he explained very frankly that if the bird had got up he might have missed it, and wasted a cartridge. I tried to explain the Western standpoint to him, but it was impossible. He argued, not unreasonably, that if one fired at a bird it was with the object of killing it, and that the object was better served if the bird sat still. One



THE OLDEST LIFE-BOAT IN THE WORLD: THE "ZETLAND," WHICH HAS HAD SIXTY-FIVE YEARS' SERVICE.

The "Zetland" was built in 1801, and was only put on the retired list after she had served for sixty-five years, during which time she saved 510 lives. She is to be preserved under a specially erected shelter at Redcar.

could not help feeling, and indeed knowing, that here was a man who would not understand shooting for shooting's sake, but was simply taking life because the larder was empty, and we happened at that time to be depending to some extent upon our guns.

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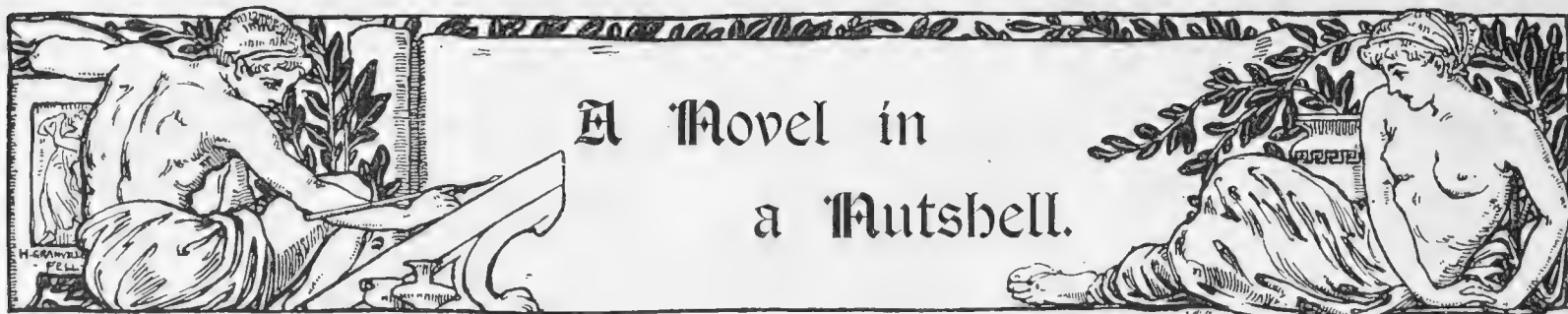
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OVERHEARD IN THE "TWILLERIES."



THE LADY WITH THE COCK'S TAIL: And is this the first time you've been in Paris?
THE LADY WITH THE SPORRAN: Oh, dear no! I'm quite a parasite!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

MR. WHIFFEN'S VOTE.

BY THOMAS COBB.

"YOU will never," exclaimed Mrs. Whiffen, "guess who has been this afternoon!"

"Shan't I, my dear?" said Mr. Whiffen, as he warmed his hands by the dining-room fire.

It was six o'clock, and he had lately come home from the offices of the Life Assurance Company in Old Broad Street, where he had been a clerk for the last twenty years: a short man with narrow, sloping shoulders, sandy hair, a sparse beard, and spectacles.

Mrs. Whiffen was more than half a head taller, her figure possessing a dignity and importance which her husband entirely lacked.

"Lady Walter Hampton!" said Mrs. Whiffen, with an air of triumph.

"Ah—canvassing," answered Mr. Whiffen, rubbing his palms.

"Such a charming woman," continued his wife, as she took her seat at the head of the table, on which a high tea was spread. "She drove to the gate in a beautiful carriage and pair, with a footman and coachman; and no one could possibly have been more friendly."

"Cupboard love, my dear, cupboard love!" suggested Mr. Whiffen, sitting down with his back to the fire and helping himself to an egg.

"Still," said Mrs. Whiffen, "there's a way of doing things. The interest she took in the children and the way she laughed when I told her some of Mary Ann's little sayings! Nothing would satisfy her but she must see Mary Ann, and it was fortunate I had just put her on a clean pinafore, through her having upset her milk at dinner—which, as it happened, was all for the best."

"A fine lot Lady Walter will care about Mary Ann after the election," returned Mr. Whiffen.

"I promised," said his wife, "she should have our vote."

"Ah," cried Mr. Whiffen, "we'll see about that, my dear."

"Joseph," exclaimed Mrs. Whiffen, "I said I had promised."

"Yes, but I haven't," said Mr. Whiffen, with a chuckle.

Mrs. Whiffen stared at her husband with indignant surprise. Her supreme authority had for many years been undisputed in the small house at Brixcam.

"Not," added Mr. Whiffen, with his mouth full of bread-and-butter, "that it would matter very much if I had."

"Joseph," cried Mrs. Whiffen, shocked by the immorality of the assertion, "whatever do you mean?"

"You understand, my dear," he explained, "that one can vote just how he likes, and no one a penny the wiser."

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Whiffen, with an air of finality, "you will vote for Lord Walter Hampton."

Mrs. Whiffen made no pretence to take a great interest in politics. She knew very little about Liberals and Conservatives, or Protection and Free Trade, or anything of the kind, and in the ordinary way she cared less. But she had fallen under the fascination of Lady Walter, and besides, she could not possibly allow any trespass on her authority.

During the week which intervened between the canvasser's visit and the polling day, Mrs. Whiffen never sat down to breakfast or tea without some reference to the approaching election, and when a young man came from the Conservative candidate, Mrs. Whiffen told her husband that she did not in the least approve of him.

"You see," said Mr. Whiffen, "it is a case of measures rather than men, my love."

"It is quite decided we vote for Lord Walter," was the very determined answer.

Mr. Whiffen's oracular smile certainly annoyed his wife, who found it difficult and mortifying to be unable to suspect the existence of some deeply laid scheme to defeat her wishes. She determined, however, to put up with no nonsense, and took the precaution to investigate the method of voting. Amongst other information she heard that the polling place would be at St. Stephen's school-rooms, just round the corner.

"Are you going to vote on your way home from the City?" she inquired the evening before the election.

"Procrastination's the thief of time," said Mr. Whiffen. "I shall get it done before I start."

Now, in the ordinary way, Mrs. Whiffen always went to the front door to see her husband set out to the office, to make certain that his coat-collar was turned up on damp mornings, and that he had not forgotten the sandwiches which saved the expense of a regular luncheon. But this important morning she went upstairs directly breakfast ended, and reappeared a few minutes later wearing her hat and jacket.

"My dear!" cried the astounded Mr. Whiffen, "where are you going at this time o' day?"

"To St. Stephen's Schools, to be sure," was the answer.

"St. Stephen's Schools?"

"To make certain you give your vote properly," said Mrs. Whiffen triumphantly.

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Mr. Whiffen.

"I don't know what you are making that curious noise about," exclaimed Mrs. Whiffen.

"My dear," said her husband, "you can take an ox to the water but you can't make him drink—ha! ha!"

"What has an ox got to do with it?" she demanded.

"Well, you know, they won't let you in," said Mr. Whiffen.

"Won't they, indeed?" she exclaimed with extraordinary significance in her tone. "We shall see about that!"

She certainly betrayed some asperity at this unaccustomed excursion; it was extremely inconvenient to leave the children and Selina, whereas the tradespeople would be sending for orders, and she had for once not been able to make up her mind what was wanted.

"If you promise me faithfully to vote for Lord Walter," she said, inclined to relent as she buttoned her glove, "I think I might trust you."

"My dear," returned Mr. Whiffen, "the secrecy of the ballot must not be violated."

Mrs. Whiffen went out on to the doorstep and banged the door.

"Dragging me out at this hour!" she murmured. "I shan't make it up by bed-time; but I promised Lady Walter, and I intend to keep my word, whatever's the consequence."

"You see," said Mr. Whiffen, "I haven't promised anybody. I know a trick worth two of that."

As they walked down the road together, Mr. Whiffen, carrying his umbrella in one hand and a bag in the other, in which he had been instructed to bring home a leg of New Zealand mutton from Leadenhall Market, looked very small and unimportant, whilst Mrs. Whiffen held herself as erect as a drum-major. His face, however, wore an unwontedly self-satisfied expression this morning, as Mrs. Whiffen did not fail to observe. Still, long habit made her feel confident, and she could not doubt her ultimate success. It was not as though Joseph had dared to insist on voting for the rival candidate, but he had nevertheless maintained a curious attitude of reserve.

He had indulged in nods and wreathed smiles, which Mrs. Whiffen found extremely vexatious; but still, in the end, she felt assured, he would never dare to stand out.

On turning the corner, Mrs. Whiffen suddenly realised the serious nature of her undertaking. Two motor-cars and a wagonette with conspicuous placards already stood in front of the schools, and several men, some with cards in their hands, were waiting about the entrance.

"Now, my dear," whispered Mr. Whiffen, "I really am afraid you mustn't come any farther."

"If you stand chattering here," said Mrs. Whiffen, "you will be late at the office."

"They will never let you in," he returned, but with a contemptuous expression she followed him into the building.

Continued overleaf.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.



"Mrs. Brown, although a strong Home Ruler, is in favour of Retaliation on certain imports."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

As yet the attendance was slack. Some posts and rails had been put up, forming a passage which led past a table, at which sat three men, two with large open books before them, the other seeming to be in charge of a box with an aperture, as if for letters, at the top.

"You really mustn't—" said Mr. Whiffen.

"Will you kindly go on, Joseph!" answered Mrs. Whiffen, prodding him in the back.

She observed on her left hand a number of boxes with red curtains hanging in front of them, and beyond this row of mysterious compartments stood a tall, burly police-constable, at whom Mr. Whiffen now gazed a little apprehensively. Mrs. Whiffen, however, was not to be deterred by any member of the Force. She formed one of a short queue, keeping remarkably close to Mr. Whiffen's back, as he drew gradually nearer to the men at the table on her right.

To his astonishment no one attempted to interfere with her. It may be that, overawed by her stately presence, discretion seemed to be the better part of valour, or perhaps her protective air towards Joseph led the clerks to assume that he was halt or blind, and required somebody to look after him; especially as, when a clerk asked his name and address, Mrs. Whiffen answered before he had time to open his mouth.

When, however, she put out her hand and would have taken the piece of folded paper, the clerk and Mr. Whiffen between them proved too many for her, and, polling paper in his hand, Joseph passed on towards the police constable and the mysterious compartments.

"Let me look at it," whispered Mrs. Whiffen, holding out her hand for the paper.

"My dear," he answered, glancing apprehensively at the policeman, "you mustn't, you know. It's illegal. You really mustn't."

"Pass on, please!" cried the policeman.

"I told you so," said Mr. Whiffen.

"What have you got to do with that piece of paper?" demanded Mrs. Whiffen, walking on slowly.

"You see," Mr. Whiffen explained, "you have to put a cross against the name of the candidate you're going to vote for."

"Lend me your pencil!" exclaimed Mrs. Whiffen.

"I—I mustn't," was the answer. "It has to be done in one of those boxes—"

"Then come along," she said, and led the way towards the nearest compartment. As she approached, she saw a man come out of it with his folded paper, which he now carried to the ballot-box and dropped it in.

Mrs. Whiffen was by this time becoming somewhat excited and more resolute than ever. There was a suggestion of secrecy about the affair of which she did not in the least approve. The desire to keep her promise to Lady Walter had faded into insignificance compared with her determination to conquer Joseph. If she once permitted him to go out of her sight into one of those mysterious compartments, she would never experience a moment's peace again. She realised that he would delight in mystifying her. She could never feel perfectly confident even if he gave her the desired information.

As Mr. Whiffen stood irresolute, his wife's presence began to attract more attention. The policeman drew near.

"Outside, if you please," he said civilly.

"This is my husband," answered Mrs. Whiffen.

"Very likely, Mum; but only voters are allowed in here."

"We are just going to vote—"

"Beg pardon, the gentleman's going to vote!" said the policeman; and perhaps it was the first time Mrs. Whiffen had ever experienced the disability of her sex.

"I—I am his wife," cried Mrs. Whiffen; but as she spoke, becoming really afraid that he might be late at the office, Mr. Whiffen darted into one of the dark compartments. On the instant, Mrs. Whiffen would have followed; but this was more than any policeman could possibly permit.

She had never suffered such an indignity in her life. He actually grasped her arm, urging her gently but firmly towards the door. In the street she stood glaring into his face, and this was undoubtedly the most tantalising and unsatisfactory moment of Mrs. Whiffen's experience.

She could not tell what Mr. Whiffen was doing inside that mysterious compartment, and moreover, she felt confident that he would never tell her. Such proceedings were subversive of all authority! Still, there would be no time to relieve her feelings this morning, unless she wished Joseph to be late in the City; so, turning away before he came out of the polling place, Mrs. Whiffen walked rapidly homewards, where Selina afforded an early opportunity for that vituperation to which Mrs. Whiffen certainly felt disposed.

In the meantime, she rehearsed several excruciating sentences for the benefit of her husband when he returned the same evening, although these sarcasms were not, after all, destined to reach Mr. Whiffen's ears.

Mrs. Whiffen had promised to take Mary Ann out during the day to show the child what was going on in the streets, and at half-past three they set forth. They had not gone far, and Mrs. Whiffen was still preoccupied by recollections of the morning's discomfiture, when, in the act of crossing the road, she heard a shout and narrowly escaped being run over by Lady Walter's horses.

There were buff-and-blue favours on their blinkers as well as on the coachman's coat, and reclining in the carriage was Lady Walter, looking as charming as that afternoon she had taken such a delightful interest in Mary Ann.

The coachman shouted, Mrs. Whiffen ran, Lady Walter leaned on one side to see what was the matter; but although she gazed full at Mary Ann and at Mary Ann's mother, she bestowed not the slightest notice on either. It was not that she wished to "cut" Mrs. Whiffen, especially on such a day. It was infinitely worse than that. Mrs. Whiffen perceived that Lady Walter had not the faintest recollection of ever having beheld her, or even Mary Ann, before.

After this humiliating experience, Mrs. Whiffen's interest in the election entirely faded, and when Mr. Whiffen came home that evening obviously prepared to jest about the adventure of the polling place, his wife sat down to tea with a yawn.

"Do, pray, try to talk about something more interesting," she said.

"Oh, very well, my dear," answered Mr. Whiffen. "I'm told," he added, "that Hampton is certain to get in."

"I really don't care whether he does or whether he doesn't," cried Mrs. Whiffen. "And perhaps you would have the kindness to pass me the bread-and-butter."

THE END.



[DRAWN BY FRED. BUCHANAN.]

TRUE REGRET.

MR. PATRICK MCGUIRE (a sufferer from a recent accident, plaintively): Harruk at the bhoys!

Harruk at 'em! An' me like this!

THE CARRIER TRIUMPHANT!



THE VILLAGE CARRIER: It's no use yer runnin', yer blitherin' idiot. I've got yer name and address.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.

"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."



MR. GEORGE ROBEY, WHO IS PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "THE QUEEN OF HEARTS,"
AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE remembrance in which, on the last night of his most recent season at the St. James's, Mr. George Alexander hoped his audience would hold him is certain to be in evidence to-morrow evening when, like the Prodigal Son, whom he left his house to represent, he returns home again. On a first night the St. James's always presents a noteworthy appearance, for, with the passage of the years, Mr. Alexander has strengthened his position and secured a firm hold not only on the artistic sensibilities, but also on the affectionate regard of his public.

To-morrow these characteristics are certain to be more emphasised than usual. In the first place, Mr. Alexander is producing Mr. Pinero's latest play, "His House in Order," which is described as "a comedy in four acts." In the next place, two favourite actors who have won notable successes with Mr. Alexander return to his management—Mr. Herbert Waring, whose performance in "The Masqueraders" was one of the most striking things he has ever done, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who acted in many plays and whose Eileen, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," must still be a haunting memory for all who saw her in what may still be regarded as Mr. Pinero's masterpiece. Among the other members of the cast are Miss Bella Pateman and Miss Beryl Faber, Mr. C. M. Lowne and Mr. Lyall Swete.

While at the moment of writing nothing is actually settled, it is more than likely that by the time this issue of *The Sketch* is in the hands of its readers the daily papers will be able to make the exceedingly interesting announcement that Mr. H. B. Irving will appear at Easter at Drury Lane in a revival of "The Corsican Brothers." His assumption of the parts of the twin brothers will be the realisation of the late Sir Henry Irving's clearly expressed wish, a fact which cannot fail to interest the playgoer. The possibility of Mr. Irving's engagement, which associates his name with the spring season at "The National Theatre," in succession to that of his lamented father last year, was, no doubt, the cause of a rumour that he intended to play the repertoire associated with Sir Henry Irving's name. Nothing, however, could be farther from Mr. Irving's intention than that; and with that single definite statement, the matter may be allowed to drop.

Mrs. Tree's return to His Majesty's serves to emphasise the great part domesticity now plays in the West-End theatres. At the end of last week there were no fewer than nine of the leading theatres at which husbands and wives were found acting together. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Tree at His Majesty's, the list included Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier at the Garrick, Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche at the Adelphi, Miss MacNay and Mr. William Mollison at the St. James's,

Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry at the New, Miss Annie Russell and Mr. Oswald Yorke at the Court, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks at the Aldwych, Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude at the Waldorf, and Miss Eva Moore and Mr. H. V. Esmond at the Savoy. The list might easily have been lengthened had Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott been in London, and were Mr. and Mrs. Kendal playing instead of preparing for their next tour.



THE TWO GOOD LITTLE GIRLS IN "TWO NAUGHTY BOYS," AT THE GAIETY: MISS CORALIE BLYTHE AS GRETCHEN, AND MISS ALICE HATTON AS GRIZEL.

Photograph by The Play Pictorial.

An exceedingly interesting programme has been arranged by Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Barker at the Court Theatre for next Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt, whose "An Angel Unawares" was written avowedly with the intention of providing Miss Fanny Brough with a new part, is to furnish the chief portion of the programme with a comedy in three acts called "A Question of Age." In this Miss Brough will again appear, and will be associated with Miss Mabel Hackney, Miss Agnes Knight, and Miss Darragh, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. C. M. Hallard, Mr. Stratton Rodney, and Mr. Frederick Kerr. It will be followed by "The Convict on the Hearth," by Mr. Frederick Fenn. The chief parts will be played by Miss Madge McIntosh, Miss Eily Malyon, Miss Clare Greer, and Miss Mary Brough, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Norman Page, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Stratton Rodney, and Mr. C. V. France.

The progress of Esperanto is a matter which, in the ordinary way, could hardly be considered as affecting playgoers. The great success of the Esperanto concert, however, to which the daily papers attested last week, draws attention to the fact that already the Esperantists have laid hands on the dramatists, and Molière's "Le Mariage Forcé"

has been acted in what desires to be the universal language, under the title of "Edzigo Kontrauvola." Interesting in itself, its production was rendered additionally so by the fact that among those who appeared in it were people from such widely different countries as Italy, France, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Russia, England, and Germany.

The announcement that Mr. Cyril Maude is busy rehearsing "The Heir at Law," following so soon after the production of "The Superior Miss Pellender," has caused some misapprehension, for it has been assumed that Mr. Sidney Bowkett's play is to be withdrawn. This, however, is quite erroneous. "The Heir at Law" is to be given only at matinée performances, and, while no date has yet been fixed for them, it is highly improbable that Mr. Maude will be seen as Dr. Pangloss for the next two or three weeks. Among his associates will be Mr. Sidney Brough, Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mr. E. C. Matthews, and Mr. Charles Maude, Mrs. Calvert, Miss Janet Alexander, and Miss Jessie Bateman.



A SENSATIONAL RIDE AND DIVE AT OLYMPIA: "DARE-DEVIL SCHREYER" PERFORMING HIS GREAT FEAT.

Schreyer sets out on his bicycle on a platform 110 feet above the floor of Olympia, and rides down a chute at the rate of 100 miles an hour, for some 210 feet. At this point the chute takes an upward curve, and, after he has covered another 80 feet, and is still 60 feet from the ground, Schreyer leaves the bicycle at the end of the chute and dives 105 feet through the air into a tank. He strikes the water at a speed of about 80 miles an hour, the whole feat from start to finish taking 3 2/5 seconds. Our photograph shows him taking his dive in the open air, it being impossible to photograph him at Olympia.

KEY-NOTES

MR. FREDERICK LAMOND has long had the reputation of being one of the finest Beethoven players of this generation. And indeed there are many reasons why he should have been considered in this light. He has a weighty style, he has an intimate feeling for Beethoven's music, he is energetic and he is virile. But, as we all know, too specialised an acquaintance with any composer's work very often leads one into little sins of omission; and, though one fully recognises the extent of his talent, one may still say that his last Beethoven Recital at the Bechstein Hall did not altogether keep up the level of that reputation which he had already created for himself. In the Sonata in C major (Op. 2, No. 3) his playing was a little more perfunctory than we should have expected it to be. It is true that in the Adagio movement he proved himself the possessor of a profound sympathy with Beethoven's ideas; but in the Scherzo and in the final movement it cannot conscientiously be said that he was quite at his best. It is a pity, yet pity 'tis 'tis true. He seems in part to have succumbed to the modernisation of Beethoven, his opposition to which at one time was the subject of much applause. If Mr. Lamond will remember that his more classic ideal of the great master is the better of the two ideals, we cannot doubt that he will redeem any little falling-off which he might have displayed on the occasion of this recital.

The opinions of a critic who is known by the *nom de guerre* of "H. de Curzon" seem pretty damnatory to the Leeds Choir and the London Symphony Orchestra, who together journeyed to Paris recently. At first one heard nothing but words of enthusiastic praise; we were told that the sensation caused by the appearance of this choir and this orchestra created such a flutter among Parisian musical circles as had not been known for many a long year. The critic of "Le Guide Musical" seems to take a curiously different idea of English music from that which is taken in Germany. He thinks, for example, that Stanford's "Irish Symphony" possesses greater work than the orchestral fragments of certain other composers; as though one could compare a whole work with fragmentary music. Mackenzie's famous "Benedictus" is described as being tedious in its length, and one of the movements of Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony" is set down as being weak. Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," it appears, is to this ingenuous critic a tedious and heavy work. The orchestra, too, comes in for its share of abuse, especially in the wood-wind department, as displayed in the interpretation of Strauss's "Don Juan." As all, or practically all, other French papers seem to be agreed that no such chorus has before been heard in Paris, one is somewhat at a loss to account for this excessive bitterness.

The last Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall was distinguished by a magnificent interpretation of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood. The present writer has now definitely come to the conclusion, after a good deal of hesitation, that the Fifth is after all a greater and more majestic work than

the Sixth Symphony by the great Russian musician. Although the Sixth has more finality about it, in the sense that its pathos is more intense and its meaning is more intimate, the Fifth is far grander, far more human, even though the tragedy of part of it seems to be almost overwhelming. There is one passage especially—the principal theme of the second movement—which is capable of almost any poetical construction which deals with mourning and grief. One writer has said that the instruments seem to play afar off, "like the spirits of our dear dead calling to us out of the tragedy of death." The idea strikes one as being absolutely appropriate to the movement in question, for the thought by which Tchaikowsky in its expression

makes the call of one part of the music answer to another part gives one precisely that feeling. In the Waltz movement, which is one scarcely capable of being reckoned among dance tunes, the band played magnificently; and indeed these players worked for a triumphant success, and succeeded in accomplishing it during the whole of the symphony. The concert concluded with a very fine performance of Beethoven's Overture "Egmont."

A few days ago, at the Bechstein Hall, the first concert of the present season of the Alma Mater Male Choir Concerts was given under Mr. Evers. The choral singing throughout was excellent; the voices were strong, educated, and capable of much flexibility. In Rheinberger's "Agnus Dei" they sang magnificently. The music is not, perhaps, very difficult for such a choral association as this, but, at all events, one must record that their singing of it was quite perfect. In saying that the music was not very difficult, one may add that its construction reminds one of the many unaccompanied choral works which the modern Belgian school has produced. At the same concert Miss Agnes Zimmermann played Schumann's "Sketch," and played it with fine technique and with excellent musical feeling. Miss Zimmermann has, as we all know, practically spent her life in teaching the general public, by her various editions of great masters of the pianoforte, how their works should be correctly rendered, and has thus supplied, as far as is possible, an incentive to a real temperament for music.

At the Bechstein Hall, during the past week, Mr. Theodore

Byard gave an extremely interesting vocal Recital. His programme was chosen from a very artistic point of view. Instead of making selections here and there haphazard, he divided his programme into four separate sections. The first dealt with the elder masters of music, the second with Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, the third with a choice from folk-song and modern songs by French writers, and the fourth entirely with English composers. Mr. Byard is a fine singer; his voice is admirably trained, and, above all things, he is extremely intelligent, and sings with much refinement, at the same time with a catholic pronunciation of the various languages—French, Italian, English, German—which in each case was quite perfect. Without going into details, his concert may be pronounced an emphatic success.

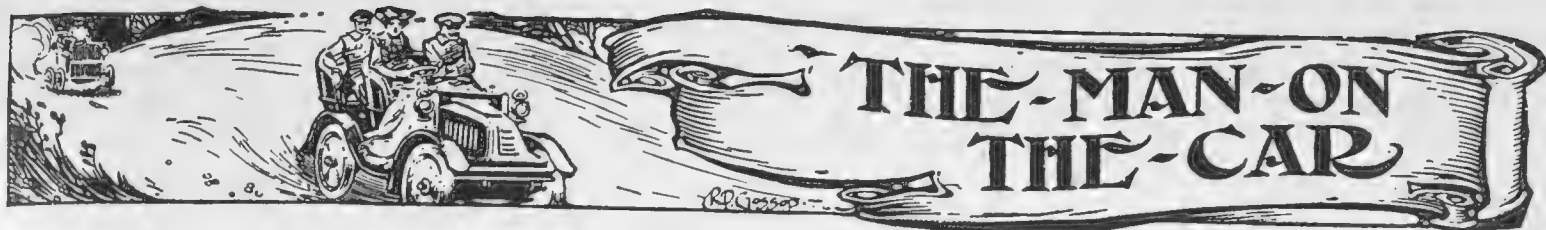
COMMON CHORD.



MME. SANGER-SETHE, WHO IS TO PLAY AT THE ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT TO-NIGHT (JANUARY 31).

Mme. Irma Sanger-Sethe, who has won for herself a considerable reputation in Germany, was born in Brussels in 1877, and owes her first musical education to her mother. Later, she studied under Ottomar Tockisch, and under August Wilhelm at Wiesbaden. Then, at the age of fourteen, she became a pupil at the Royal Brussels Conservatoire under Eugène Ysaye. Her first appearance in London was made in 1895, when she gave a series of orchestral concerts and recitals at St. James's Hall. The power of her bowing is said to be exceptional, and Ysaye gave it as his opinion that there is scarcely a single man-violinist who plays *Vieuxtemps* in as "manly" a manner as Mme. Sanger-Sethe.

Photograph by J. Lupke.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S MOTOR-CAR IN INDIA—MOTOR UNION SOLICITORS—THE COURSE FOR THE GRAND PRIX—MANY-ENGINED TORPEDO-BOATS—THE TREATMENT OF TYRES IN TRIALS—THE TOURIST TROPHY RACES—FREAK CARS.

SOME time before the Prince and Princess of Wales left for their Indian tour a seven-seated Argyll car was ordered from the Argyll Works at Bridgeton, Glasgow, by Mr. E. H. Hughes, of Brinkley, Newmarket, to the instructions of the Earl of Shaftesbury. This car preceded their Royal Highnesses to our Eastern dominions, and has been put to frequent use for conveying the Prince and Princess, with their immediate suite, from point to point, particularly during the later stages of the tour. A driver trained in the Argyll Works was sent out with the car, and has earned a valuable reputation for care and skill. The Prince and Princess have again and again expressed themselves as delighted with the sweet, smooth running and great comfort of this well-built car.

The Motor Union never rests from good works in the best interests of automobilists, the latest effort of that energetic body being the preparation and circulation of a list of no fewer than eighty solicitors all up and down the country who have been appointed by the Union as official solicitors. These gentlemen have all had special experience in motor-car cases, so that the members now enjoy a great advantage in knowing to whom to apply in all parts of the county when they are persecuted and prosecuted by the police or other motor-phobists.

After much consideration and examination our French friends have settled upon a course for the Grand Prix, in the department of Sarthe, so that the race, or the course, will be known as the Circuit de la Sarthe. The route selected is a triangular one, with a small town called St. Calais at its most southern point, a village called La Ferté-Bernard at its northern point, and the junction of the Blois-Le Mans and Chartres-Le Mans roads, some nine kilometres to the east of Le Mans. The course can be approached easily from Chartres, Orléans, or Blois; indeed, it is well within a four-hours' drive from Paris. Those motorists who contemplate taking their cars from this side should ship them from Southampton to Havre, and then descend upon the course via Rouen, Evreux, Dreux, and Nogent-le-Rotrou.

The power applied to motor-boats by the increase of the number of engines is going up by leaps and bounds. Those well-known torpedo-boat and destroyer builders, Messrs. Yarrow, of Poplar, have just completed a 600-foot torpedo-

boat on special lines, engined by no fewer than five Yarrow-Napier engines, totalling 300-h.p. and driving three propellers. One four-cylinder engine rotates the central propeller, and two four-cylinder engines placed tandem-wise drive the port and starboard propellers respectively. At full speed the engines run at 1,000 revolutions per minute, and the boat tears through the water at thirty miles per hour.

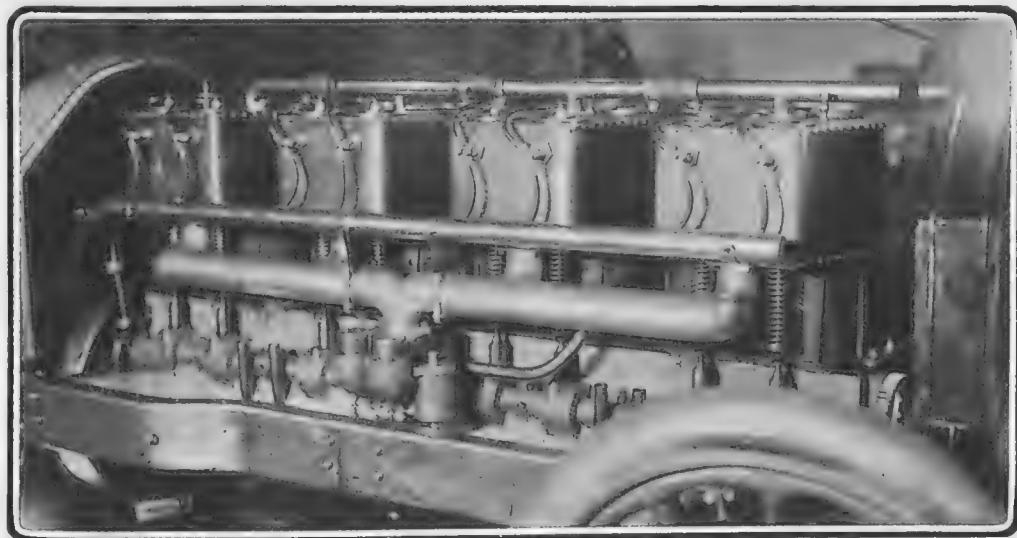


A FRENCH ACTRESS WHO WAS ABDUCTED ON A MOTOR-CAR: Mlle. RAPZY.

Mlle. Rapzy, a music-hall "star," was kidnapped and carried off on a motor-car as she left the Variétés Parisiennes some nights ago. At first Mlle. Rapzy, who is married and the mother of two children, took the matter as a joke; but when the car stopped at the door of a Montmartre restaurant at half-past one in the morning she insisted on being released, threatening to call the police. She was then allowed to go. Mlle. Rapzy's salary has risen considerably since this event.

limiting engine-power and speed, and it was suggested that the limits imposed for the event of 1906 would result in a slower race than last year. Before the race of 1905 the sceptics asserted that

the event could only be won by a "freak" car, but results showed that all the placed cars were capable of sale and use as all-round practical touring cars. Indeed, the slow speed on top gear and the hill-climbing tests which are to be complied with by all cars entered for this year's race have, since the issue of the revised rules, been easily and more than fulfilled by the winning Arrol-Johnston car and the Rolls-Royce car that finished second. Both these cars could be re-entered for the race in May, and I question whether their makers will be able to better them to any great degree.



TO TRAVEL AT 152 MILES AN HOUR: THE MOTOR OF MR. ALFRED E. A. VANDERBILT'S 250-H.P. RACER.

Theoretically, Mr. Alfred E. A. Vanderbilt's 250-h.p. motor-car will be the fastest automobile ever built. Although it is geared for 152 miles an hour, it can, it is claimed, be throttled down to four miles an hour. Its weight is little over 2,000 pounds. Some idea of the size of the engine may be gained by the knowledge that the bonnet is 75 inches long. The racer was built in a specially equipped machine-shop in the private garage of Mr. Vanderbilt, in West 39th Street.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE LATE SIR JAMES MILLER—RACING REFORM—A HARD WORKER.

THE terribly sudden death of Sir James Miller, a popular owner, and a steward of the Jockey Club, caused an immense sensation in racing circles last week. Sir James had been ill only a few days, but the deadly attack of pneumonia with which he had been stricken down in the hunting-field would not be conquered, and he died at the age of forty-one, regretted by thousands of race-goers and others. Sir James may be said to have laid the foundation of his racing fortunes when he purchased Sainfoin on the advice of Mr. Joseph Davis, the managing director of Hurst Park, who had dreamed that Sainfoin had won the Derby. The good thing came off, to the chagrin of the backers of Surefoot, who cut up execrably in the race. Sir James also won the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger with Rock Sand, the One Thousand with Aida, and the Oaks with La Sagesse. Sir James commenced his connection with the Turf by owning steeplechasers, that were trained first by Moser at Portslade, and afterwards by T. Cannon at Stockbridge. He won his first

spot, and that the majority of the offices in the big towns are run by men who bet over the rails at all the leading meetings? They do not run their offices for the fun of the thing, but because they are able to make money out of them. Indeed, this they must do, judging by the rents they pay. Again, it is impossible, I take it, to compel any backer to go to a race-meeting. Therefore, if the Pari-mutuel became law, there would be found plenty of professionals willing to pay out Pari-mutuel prices away from the course, which would be to the advantage of the men who now back at S.-P., while the change would, in the long run, be very much against the fund. I should like to see the Pari-mutuel run for the benefit of racing funds, but I would not do away with starting-price betting just because it is supported by backers who could not go to the course if they would.

Mr. Martin Cobbett, who is the sporting correspondent of the *Tribune* and the *Referee*, is and always has been a hard worker.

Many, many years ago Mr. Cobbett had charge of the cricket and football department of the *Sporting Life* at the time that I performed the same duties for the *Sportsman*. Mr. Cobbett can, and for many years has been able to, turn out "copy" by the yard, and interesting "copy" too. Some years back he had the misfortune to break his right arm, but, nothing daunted, he learned to write with his left hand, and now I really believe he could write sporting "copy" with both at one and the same time. Mr. Cobbett believes in walking exercise, and it is nothing for him to tramp a dozen miles to the course, do a hard day's work between Tattersall's



A LEAP FOR LIBERTY: SETTING THE STAG FREE AT A ROYAL HUNT IN SPAIN.

were Colonel Wozac, Clarisse, and Cossack. For some years he had first claim on the services of the American jockey, Maher, who did well for the stable. Sir James was formerly in the 14th Hussars. He is succeeded in the title by Mr. John Alexander Miller, who has owned jumpers and flat-racers for many years, and is a keen sportsman. Mr. John Miller has a few horses in Robson's stable.

There is a feeling existing among certain racecourse officials that the Sport of Kings would pay better if starting-price betting were done away with. They contend that the stay-at-homes are no good to the sport, and if it were made impossible to back a horse away from the course there would be bigger gates and better prizes offered in many of the races. Why not go the whole hog and dispense with the bookies' services altogether? say others. This would mean the general adoption of the Pari-mutuel, which seemingly works well on the Continent and in the Colonies. However, the objectors to S.-P. betting say they could not afford to do without the sovereigns paid by the pencilers for admission to Tattersall's Ring, and there the matter rests. In dealing with a drastic question of this sort, it is necessary to view the matter from all its tangents. Does it not strike the objectors to S.-P. betting that the business done away from the course is part and parcel of the betting done on the

Ring and the Press Box, and walk home at night. I do not think that I have ever seen him wear a top-coat, but he believes in donning warm underclothing. Mr. Cobbett is a good judge of racing. He is a member of the best Racing Clubs, and I believe he works some very important commissions for some of the biggest owners on the Turf. At one time Mr. Cobbett collected the starting-prices for the *Sporting Life*—a thankless task, by-the-bye—but he was always fortunate enough to please bookies and backers alike. He is a leading authority on up-river rowing, and seldom misses a good boxing bout at the National Sporting Club. He negotiated the sale of the well-known steeplechase horse Moifaa to His Majesty the King, and he was, I know, keenly disappointed when the horse cut up so badly in the race for last year's Grand National. In my opinion, Mr. Cobbett could be always pointed to as a pattern sporting journalist. He is always ready to do his work; he is ever willing to surmount the task, however big it may be, and there is the most important thing of the lot: he always tries to keep himself fit and well. His fight with Anno Domini has up to now been a very one-sided one, and I hope he may for long continue to be one of the men of mark on the racecourse.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WHITE handkerchiefs with black lace borders are one of the fashionable vagaries of the moment. Madame Réjane affected them during her recent visit, and dried her eyes in various paroxysms of stage grief with cambric cobwebs edged with black Valenciennes. The daintiness of the Frenchwoman in all minutiae is proverbial, and in her window-panes draped with

music from any position. The whole thing hailed from Paris and cost twenty-two francs, which I promptly despatched next morning for its convenient equivalent.

Ermine has a vogue all its own this winter, and one of the most effective forms of its application as a neck arrangement has been evolved by a French *maestro*, who split up a rather wide stole into three divisions at each end, introducing a jabot of guipure between each, narrow black velvet being interlaced across. A muff similarly treated formed the set, and a guileless friend of mine finally paid sixty guineas for both. One must pay for notions, no doubt, but this is one that could be so easily adapted at very slight cost that I hasten to proclaim its possibilities to the owners of the ordinary ermine muff and stole, and in return hope for a passing pang of gratitude over its successful accomplishment.

Our Illustrations this week depict effective versions of a spring tailor-made and an Empire cloak. Useful garments both. A rich shade of plum accounts for the latter, which is collared, cuffed, and draped about the shoulders with a deeper tone of velvet. A smart hat of velvet *en suite* bedecked with feathers completes this outdoor ensemble. Extremely smart is the brown chapeau accompanying our biscuit-coloured tailor gown, with its graceful sweeping folds of skirt, and jacket embroideries opening over a superlatively becoming waistcoat of cream and gold. Every woman knows, or ought to know, of certain colours and combinations of colour in which she looks her best. Whether blonde or brunette, beautiful, brawny, or bony, the tone and style exist which for each is



[Copyright.]

AN EARLY SPRING TAILOR-MADE.

brise-bise or *vitrage* *Medicis*, her *linge de table* of much lace and embroidery, the evidences of an almost fantastic delicacy of detail are as apparent as in the unsurpassed lavishness of refinement in her wardrobe.

Short sleeves, which have obtained so firm a hold on our volatile affections, show no signs of elongation, wind and weather notwithstanding, and one of the *demi-saison* afternoon frocks despatched Riviera-wards this week had quite short sleeves, a smart bolero bodice, and high swathed belt over its skirt, with three velvet-edged flounces, showing no special characteristics of a new fashion, but looking exceedingly attractive in soft Wedgwood-blue *crêpe-de-Chine*, with plentiful bedizenments of ivory-coloured lace. A casino frock of black-and-white ring-spotted net over bright rose chiffon, lined with taffetas to match, gave a most charming effect of colour; and though yellow is not a first-favourite among colours, one was forced to admit the seductiveness of a mimosa-coloured evening-frock of painted chiffon over white, which accompanied the outfit, a high belt of black sequins and a *chic* little hat, also of steel, with bunches of black feathers, rounding off this uncommon costume most acceptably.

Since the advent of electricity the candle-sconce of other days has disappeared from the piano-front, and at a friend's house lately a new notion for throwing light on the music, which seemed worth making a note of because of its practical application to any upright piano, was shown me. This was a beautifully chiselled gilt-bronze lamp which curved over the piano-top, and, by means of a moving reflector (silk-covered, of course), could be adjusted to throw light on the



[Copyright.]

A CHIC VISITING-FROCK.

better than all the rest. It should indisputably be the study of every woman to discover her vantage-point, therefore, and, in homely phrase, make the best of herself. Most brunettes will respond to cream, gold, and brown in the prescribed fashion of our sketch; while of Empire styles my cherished opinion and deeply rooted belief is that its pseudo-Classic, semi-Oriental, demi-European

mode is suitable to few unless endowed with the girdle of Venus herself—and given that, sackcloth would suit the happy wearer equally well. We all know some favoured mortals who, by reason of innate grace and charm, look well in anything, from the cap of service to the crown of royalty. Others—and they are far more numerous—are born without the eighth sense of suitability, and no matter how gorgeously clad, are always oppressive and distressing in their clashing colours and ill-assorted shapes.

One new notion for the coming season has leaked out of Paris, and that is the miraculously clever way in which floral effects are obtained by the clever manipulation of ribbon and chiffon. I saw an exquisite evening-frock of creamy lace en route to New York, with trails of what looked like real wistaria on the bodice. Closer inspection showed it to be deftly made blossoms of mauve-and-white chiffon on ribbon stems. The effect was quite exquisite. Violets and roses “to the manner born” are also used to trick out blouses for afternoon or theatre wear, and carnations are copied to the life by marvellous French fingers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELENORE (Doncaster).—You would get new notions for the cotillon at the *Paradis des Enfants*, and there is another place in the *Rue de Rivoli*, the name of which anyone in Paris would tell you. New figures are constantly invented, and you can exercise your ingenuity, or that of others in the house-party, to develop unexpected incidents, which are always the joy of a really good cotillon.

BRIDE.—Yes, frosted electric lamps absorb the light, but are much softer. Why not adapt your Venetian chandelier by having it fitted with the new electric candles? They are an immense improvement on the ordinary kinds fitted to French brackets and sconces.

SYBIL.

FISHGUARD HARBOUR.

THE adoption of the steam turbine for marine propulsion, which has lately been so successful in Atlantic and cross-channel steamers, has been decided upon for the three steamers which are being constructed for the new direct route between England and Ireland via Fishguard and Rosslare, which will be inaugurated during the coming summer. The well-known firms of Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Co., Birkenhead, and Messrs. John Brown and Co., Clydebank, have been entrusted with the building of these fine vessels, which will be the most magnificent cross-channel vessels afloat, and will be appropriately named *St. George*, *St. Patrick*, and *St. David*. The first-named vessel was launched from Messrs. Cammell, Laird's yard on Saturday, the 13th instant, and it is anticipated that the other two will be ready for the same ceremony very shortly. The Parsons turbines will develop a horse-power capable of propelling the vessels at a speed of $22\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and the distance of fifty-four nautical miles between Fishguard in Pembrokeshire and Rosslare, County Wexford, will therefore be covered well under three hours, thus making it the shortest sea passage between England and Ireland. Fishguard Harbour, which is likely to become the most popular and best known starting-point for Ireland, is situated in South Cardigan Bay on the Pembrokeshire coast, and is a most favoured spot. With the provision of a new breakwater 2,000 feet long, it is practically sheltered from all winds and seas, and it is remarkable for its freedom from fogs.

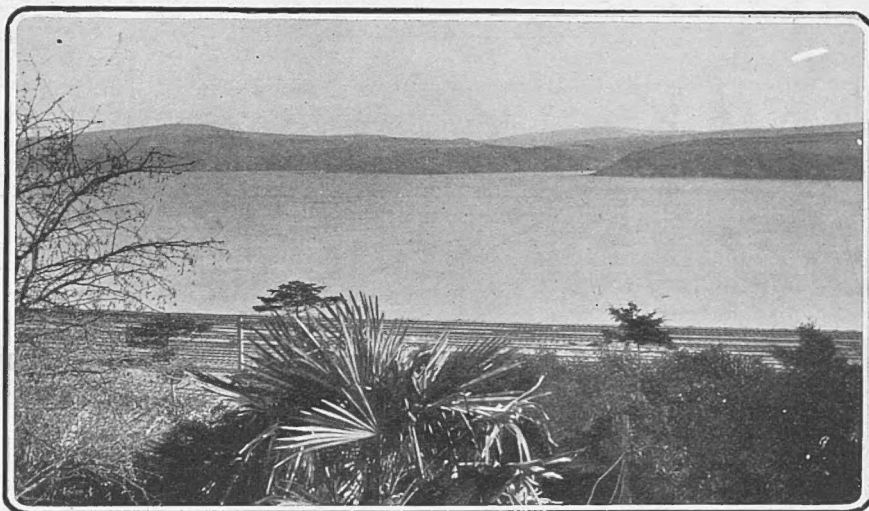
President Fallières is inclined to be bulky in person, not to say downright fat. The doctor has ordered him to walk six or seven miles a day in order to keep himself fairly in trim. So up in the morning early, he starts out for a long ramble over Paris. Notwithstanding the Apaches—perhaps they are not awake at that moment—he goes about unarmed save for his faithful hooked umbrella, which, report says, has been in the family for years. One morning you find him in the *Parc Montsouris*, the next day he has climbed the *Buttes Montmartre*, which, according to the inhabitant of that gay region, is the true pimple of the earth. Another day he has scaled the heights of the *Buttes Chaumont*, at least fifty feet above the sea-level, or lost himself in the wilds of the *Faubourg St. Antoine*. When M. Fallières was plain M. Fallières it did not much matter, all this walking; but now he has become President Fallières it is a different affair. His portraits are in every shop window, and he cannot exercise incognito. He must be accompanied by a bodyguard. His secretaries are rapidly getting into training so as to last out the Presidential pace of a morning. Fallières and his attenuated attendants are becoming the matutinal spectacle of Paris.

“CINDERELLA,” AT THE EMPIRE.

THE old order changes at the Empire, and elderly habitués of the house must wonder when they look round in the afternoon and see the place crowded with little children, for whose special delectation a sort of Christmas pantomime-ballet has been put on, and tea and cakes are provided free of charge. It is distinctly an experiment, but, to judge by the hearty approval of the little ones, there is no question about its success. And somehow one takes fresh interest in Cinderella in these days, when her sorrows and her triumphs are interpreted for us by the greatest of living dancers, who, in addition to her other gifts, has a most charming talent for acting, and can make her part in the story as sympathetic as the most exacting judge of fairy stories could desire. One has protested in this place before against Mlle. Genée's departure from the style of work that is hers by right, and there is still ample occasion for regret that she should continue the step-dancing that lies outside the proper range of any *première danseuse*. But since she consents to follow this branch of dancing—not, we are sure, without regret—one can only be devoutly grateful to her for doing it so well.

Cinderella is, of course, a familiar figure to us all. I can recall Kate Vaughan in the part when most of the children who go to pantomime to-day were yet to enter this busy world, but it is certain that no such delightful impersonation of the part as Mlle. Genée's has been seen. It is not a case of one great artist and a number of incompetent assistants. At the Empire there is no lack of really clever people. Madame Zanfretta, Dolly Craske, M. Sundberg, Fred Farren are all accomplished artists, and it is no disparagement to them and to their talented companions to say that while Mlle. Genée is on the stage it is impossible to take an active interest in anybody else. In the version of “Cinderella” that the Empire presents to us, there is a little

broad fun of the kind that children are supposed to enjoy, but, generally speaking, the story follows the stereotyped lines, and if the music has little or nothing in it that is original, it is certainly cleverly selected and arranged. Gounod and Rossini make quite important contributions to a most varied score.—S. L. B.



THE NEW DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND: FISHGUARD HARBOUR, SOUTH CARDIGAN BAY.

Photograph by the Great Western Railway Photo Department.

The battle of the polls has resulted in a complete change in what must be called, for want of a better name, the social side of the House of Commons. Lord Kerry and Lord Bingham have both been defeated, the former by surely the smallest majority in this, or even in the last General Election. Lord Edmund Talbot is “all right,” but his nephew, Mr. James Hope, a brilliant standard-bearer of the younger Roman Catholic Tory Protectionist group, is thrown out. On the other hand, the Upper House is well represented among new Liberal M.P.s. This set of future Peers is headed by Lord Dalmeny, who, as member for Midlothian, holds an historic Liberal seat. Then, as in duty bound, comes a son of Lord Stanley of Alderley. Lord Clifton's heir, Mr. Agar-Robartes, is also on the side of the angels—that is, if it be true, as Bismarck once said, that heaven is always on the side of the big battalions.

What playgoer is there who will not congratulate Miss Ellen Terry on the hanging of her portrait as Lady Macbeth in the National Gallery of British Art? Such an honour is usually delayed for many years after the death of the individual. The picture, which belonged to Sir Henry Irving, and fetched twelve hundred guineas at his sale, would have been bought for America, where Miss Terry is so great a favourite, but for the public spirit of Mr. J. J. Duveen, who has presented it to the nation. The portrait is regarded as a fine specimen of Mr. Sargent's work, and its position on the walls of the Tate Gallery, which owes its being to the munificence of a private individual, cannot fail to be gratifying to the painter and his subject, to the public-spirited giver of so magnificent a work of art, and to the nation at large, which for untold generations will be able to admire its beauties, though they will lack the distinction which is ours of enjoying the performances of the actress.

Mrs. Hetty Green, America's wealthiest woman, cannot break herself of the habit of making money, in which, after all, she but resembles financiers in general. She is the possessor of diamonds worth some £160,000, but she does not wear them. A wedding-ring alone contents her, so far as jewellery is concerned. Her gems are merely an investment—an investment of the first water, inasmuch as the stones increase in value at the rate of three per cent. per annum. This year, indeed, diamonds are “up” nearly ten per cent. What does friend “Q” of our “City Notes” think of this?

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 6, 1906.

THERE has been a considerable addition to the Bank's stock of gold, and although there does not seem to be much chance of cheap money in the immediate future, it is probable that the worst of the squeeze is over. Consols have been firmer than most other gilt-edged securities, as the new Government is supposed to favour redemption, and all prospect of a continued suspension of the Sinking Fund appears very remote. The change in the political position caused by the Liberal success at the General Election, while strengthening Consols, has seriously affected not only Brewery stocks, but also, to some extent, Electric Light shares, the idea being that municipal competition is likely to be encouraged under the sway of Mr. John Burns at the Local Government Board.

Brokers and jobbers complain that there has been a remarkable lack of business in all departments; but like our old friends the farmers, the members of the Stock Exchange always grumble; and now that the elections are over and the political atmosphere in Europe is fairly clear, we may perhaps see the long looked-for revival of business.

This week we give a portrait of Count Reginald Henshaw Ward, head of the banking house of Ward, Armstrong, and Co., and the introducer on the English market of the famous Boston, Utah, and Apea copper shares.

HOME RAILS AGAIN.

No apology is needed for returning to the subject of the Home Railway Market, because that department happens to be much in the public eye at present. Only the other day an evening paper was bewailing the circumscribed area of stocks in which the public might safely speculate, and asking for hints from its City readers as to where the average operator could find a substitute for the discredited Kaffirs, giddy Americans, and other erstwhile favourites. We would venture the reply that the Home Railway section provides the necessary medium, although in the same paragraph we are compelled to point out that buyers must be prepared to see their securities hasten slowly. The traffics to date are good, but not brilliant, and perhaps the course of the market is hereby indicated. From the dividends declared up to the present, it may be taken for granted that the Heavy lines which have still to make their announcements will show up well. What impresses the student of the railway accounts is the continued evidence of economy of working, and, more surprising yet, the dawning idea that electric trams may prove actual benefactors to the railway lines with which they compete. The Great Eastern report brings out very clearly the fact that the short-distance traffic lost by the Company to the trams is a good thing for the Great Eastern to be rid of, because it does not pay. This novel aspect of tramway and omnibus competition does not, of course, apply to the Tube lines of the Metropolis, but it does make a difference to the value of such stocks as Great Eastern, South-Western, Great Western, and Brighton. For locking-up purposes we strongly recommend South-Eastern Preferred, while, as more speculative purchases, it seems to us there are fair prospects of advance to be found in Brighton "A," North British, and Great Western Ordinary.

THE NORTH-WEST QUEENSLAND RAILWAY AND MINING COMPANY.

The following note by our well-known contributor "Q" on a new Railway and Mining Company, which will shortly be issued here, will prove of interest. As far as we know, the matter has not been referred to in any of our contemporaries, and the information and details given by "Q" are the first public statement in connection with the matter. Our readers will bear in mind that an enterprise of this kind must be of a speculative nature, and that whenever big profits are to be made there is a risk of loss.

Some weeks ago I drew your readers attention to the Preference shares of a concern which is shortly to be advertised under the name of the *Commonwealth Oil Corporation*. Although it has not yet been issued, these shares have since been dealt in on the Stock Exchange at over 50 per cent. premium. From what I hear of the Company, however, and from the names connected with it, I think that the shares are likely to go still higher in course of time. I wish to-day to refer to another Australian Company which will soon be sending out its prospectus—namely, the *North-West Queensland Railway and Mining Company, Limited*. Although, perhaps, not in the same category with the previously mentioned Company, there are features about it which deserve attention, and render it attractive from the speculative point of view. I understand that the capital will consist of—

200,000 7 per cent. Cum. Pref. shares of £1 each.
500,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each,
and
£300,000 6 per cent. Debenture stock.

Of this total £200,000 of Debenture stock will be reserved for future issue if required; the vendors will take the whole of the Ordinary shares; and the 200,000 7 per cent. Preference shares, and £100,000 of 6 per cent. Debenture stock will be offered for subscription at par. The holders of the Preference shares will have the right, exercisable at any time before June 30, 1910, to have their Preference shares converted into Ordinary shares. The proceeds of the present issue of shares and Debenture stock, after certain payments are made, will provide the company with the sum of £245,000, which it is estimated will, with the reserve of the authorised issue of Debenture stock, be sufficient for the construction and equipment of the railway, the erection of plant, &c. The trustees for the Debenture-holders will be Sir Vincent Caillard, chairman of London Committee National Bank of Egypt, and Mr. Edmund T. Doxat, chairman Dalgety and Co., while the Board of Directors will include Colonel C. Allen, chairman of Henry Bessemer and Co.; Mr. W. K. D'Arcy, chairman of the Mount Morgan Gold Mining Company; the Hon. Bernhard Ringrose Wise, M.L.C., New South Wales; and Mr. W. H. Armstrong, chairman of the Queensland Silver Lead Mines, Limited.

The objects of the Company are twofold: to construct and work a line of railway between Albert River, Burketown, and Lilydale (Queensland), a distance of approximately 120 miles; and, secondly, to acquire and work certain silver-lead mineral leases at or adjacent to the terminus of the railway. With regard to the railway I may quote the following from the *Australian Mining Standard* of Nov. 29, 1905: "The Bill providing for the construction of a tramway between Albert River, Burketown, and Lilydale has passed the Legislative Council. The tramway is to be carried out by private enterprise, the Queensland Silver-Lead Company having undertaken the responsibility; otherwise they will be called upon to forfeit £5,000 if the line is not constructed before the end of 1907. The line will be about 140 miles long, and will run through country offering no engineering difficulties, and, besides opening up the Lawnhill mineral-field, it will traverse the alluvial deposits of the delta formed by the Nicholson, Gregory, and Leichardt Rivers, with their affluents, thus giving access to an important agricultural and pastoral area. The estimated cost is about £300,000."

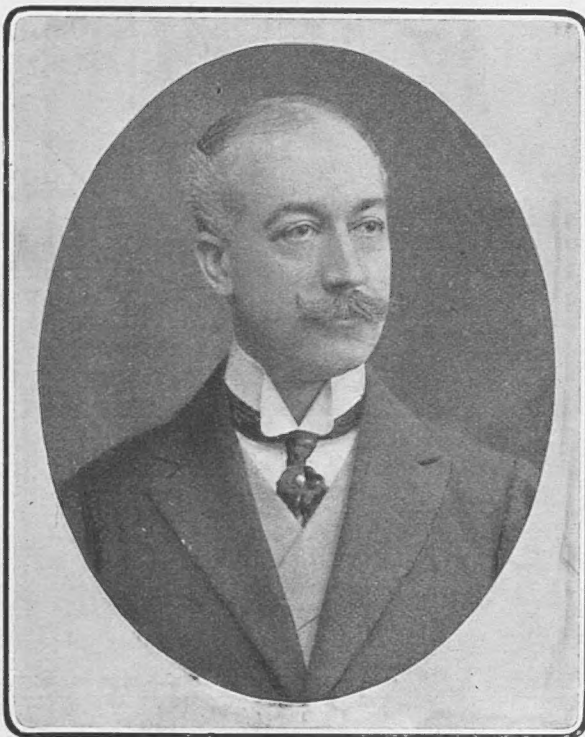
Reports on the railway and mining properties have been made by various engineers. Mr. Andrew Johnston, M.Inst.C.E., late Railway Commissioner for Queensland, estimates that, after allowing for working expenses, etc., at the rate of 5s. per train-mile, a net profit of £47,294 per annum should be earned by the railway.

The mining properties are situate in the Lawnhill district of Queensland, and have been favourably reported upon by Mr. Reginald Murray, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Dunn. It is impossible here to do more than indicate briefly the conclusions to which they have come. Mr. Pringle, in his report, gives details of the quantities of ore on the principal properties of the Company, from which it appears that, at the Silver King Mine, it is estimated there are 278,850 tons of ore-reserves in sight, and presumably so. On the other properties of the Company, Mr. Pringle estimates the quantity of ore in sight at 28,050 tons, which would give a total of 306,900 tons of ore available at the present time. The absence of railway communication has hitherto prevented the development of the properties.

Mr. Pringle adds: "From an average of the assay results of samples taken in the sulphide zone of the Silver King, the entire lode averages 30 per cent. lead, and 14.6 per cent. zinc. . . . There is every prospect that nearly £400,000 profit can be made on the ore in sight, and presumably so. . . . The ore-values have all been based on a value of £11 per ton for lead, and 2s. per ounce for silver." As your readers are aware, the prices of lead and silver are much above these figures to-day. To pay the interest on the whole of the Debentures and Preference shares will require £32,000 per annum, and if the engineers' estimates can be relied upon there should be no difficulty in providing this. At the same time, in its present stage, at any rate, the undertaking cannot be regarded as anything but a speculation. If the prices of silver and lead were to fall heavily before the mines reached the producing stage, or if any unforeseen difficulties should arise, the estimated profits might fail to materialise. Criticism may naturally be directed to the fact that the profits of the railway appear to depend on the success of the mines, and that there are insufficient details regarding the contracts for the construction of the railway. The favourable points in the matter are the strength of the Board, the fact that the vendors are accepting only Ordinary shares, and the option before the Preference shareholders of exchanging their shares for Ordinary shares if the mining propositions should prove a success. Q.

AMERICAN POT-BOILERS.

One notices with a certain amount of interest how the seers of the American Market are turning away from the attitude of bullishness which most of them adopted. Were our Stroller to visit Shorter's Court now he would find that much of the strange belief in prices going perpetually higher has evaporated, and that the tone is far more cautious. The American Market has been so sketchy for months past that everyone knew its turn for a slump was about due. The remarkable thing about it is that prices have not only been maintained, but hoisted higher every month. Nor are we at all sure that the boom is at an end. Resting-places there must be to all movements, and a slide every now and then is called—by those who are not bulls—a healthy reaction. So far as we are able to discern, there is no especial reason making for the promised slump. Money in the States has become much cheaper; the rail-lords (as some of our new governors might dub them) continue to live together most happily, and the prosperity of the continent gives no sign of decreasing. Unless, therefore, the big people on the other side have some reason unknown to us for wishing to unload the shares they are carrying, the day of slump may be staved off for a goodly time yet. Our people on this side of the water are doing next to nothing in Yankees. Shorter's Court stays nearly every night until about eight o'clock, but the large dealings are confined to arbitrage



COUNT REGINALD HENSHAW WARD, CONSUL-GENERAL FOR ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Thomson.

houses and an exceedingly limited circle of big local speculators. Some few punters in thirty or fifty and a hundred shares help to give the market the appearance of activity, but the ordinary stock-broker, quite wisely, does not cultivate a large Street business in Americans, which past experience has frequently shown to be more risky than profitable.

MISCELLANEOUS INVESTMENTS.

The most convinced Liberal and Free Trader must admit that his party's triumph has not done much good to the Stock Exchange up to the present. It has, for instance, upset the Brewery and Electric Lighting Market; it has, ostensibly, forced down the prices of Kaffirs and Rhodesians; it has, nominally, stayed the rise that else had come more liberally to Home Railway stocks. Some people talk in a most alarming fashion, as though the new Government will play the iconoclast, with mailed fist, in every direction. When we come to our soberer senses after the hurly-burly of the General Election, we shall probably find that the new Administration is not the ferocious monster painted in some quarters. For Brewery stocks we have not much present hope — and yet you cannot buy Guinness pre-Ordinary stocks at the List prices! Electric Lighting issues have more chance of recovery, although here the time required for convalescence may be a fairly long one. The Kaffir Circus is a mere bear-garden, untouched by the public, and only fit for the dishonest wire-pullers who gamble on the strength of false news, contradicted when it suits the books of these beautiful specimens of integrity. As for Home Rails, the coming legislation may, of course, increase the companies' taxation, but, we should think, to no appreciable extent. Industrials beyond those already mentioned are mostly untouched by the change of parties. The increased dividend to 4 per cent. on Bovril Deferred serves to draw attention to these little speculations, priced about 11s., and so returning nearly 8 per cent. on the money after allowing for the accrued interest. Lipton Preference, too, are full of interest, and yield 5 per cent. on the money. They should be cheap, whatever little foundation may have existed for the amalgamation rumours. For a gamble, Pearson's Fire Alarm are talked better: there is a 2s. liability on them, and the price is clique-ridden. Quiet improvement in Aërated Breads will be noticed by readers of these notes, and an exchange from Lyons into A.B.C. is, to our mind, recommendable.

Saturday, Jan. 27, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. ("CITY NOTES.")

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

O. S.—The prospectus of the Company will, we hear, be advertised shortly, but only for the purposes of information, and not as an invitation to subscribers. The Preference shares have been dealt in at a considerable premium. It is said that Sir George Newnes and other influential names are behind the affair.

R. H.—Your letter was answered on the 25th instant.

T. A. G.—We will ask "Q" to consider your letter. The 6 per cent. Mortgage Debentures of the United States Brewing Company are, in our opinion, good enough for anything. The shares are nearly all held in America, and the value of the land

and buildings, apart from any business, is more than enough to repay the Debentures.

A. S.—Your letter was answered on the 23rd instant.

LA HECHICERA.—We doubt the value of the Preference shares. The arrears of Debenture interest exceed half-a-million, and unless the Company's claim against the American Government is admitted, the Preference shares are a long way off a dividend. Entre Rios Pref. seem tousfarmore attractive.

C. G. S.—Your letter was answered on the 23rd inst.

J. C. P.—The notice is a common form, and means nothing if your shares are fully paid. In that event, the liquidator can fix you on the list of contributions as much as he likes, and you can be made to pay no more. If you want to get off you must show some good reason.

EFFIE.—The people whose circular you send are common welshers. Have nothing to do with them. The more attractive these things look the greater the fraud they usually are.

A. E.—Take up your proportion of the new issue, and as much more as you can get.

B.—The bank is a money-lending, bill-of-sale concern, and would not be good enough for us to deposit money.

J. W.—(1) A fair Kaffir; our objection to it as a speculation applies to the whole market. (2) We have no faith. (3) Said to be a fair Mining speculation. (4) No good has yet come out of Klerksdorp. As to Camp Birds, we would not sell at a loss.



ACTRESS AND AMATEUR FOOTBALLER: MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, WHO KICKED OFF IN THE MATCH BETWEEN THE "LADY MADCAP" ELEVEN AND THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY ELEVEN AT EDINBURGH THE OTHER DAY.

The match, which resulted in a win for Edinburgh University by two goals to one, was played on the Heart of Midlothian ground.

Photograph by Bassano.

MONDAY TIPS. BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be capital sport at

Gatwick, where some of the following may run well: Surrey Steeplechase, Royal Rouge; Wickham Hurdle, Renzo; Horleyland Hurdle, Oasis; Tantivy Steeplechase, James I.; Burstow Steeplechase, Celebration; Tyro Hurdle, Donna Christina; International Hurdle, Ticket o' Leave; Stewards' Steeplechase, Royal Bow II.; Hopeful Steeplechase, Lord Cork; Brook Hurdle, Rosebury. At Kempton fields promise well; the following may go close—Middlesex Hurdle, Sandboy; Kempton Park Hurdle, Arbaces; Hanworth Park Hurdle, Orison; Egham Hurdle, Fire Drake; Coventry Steeplechase, Comfit; February Steeplechase, The Cub; Waterloo Hurdle, Coldstream.

P.S.—Csardas for the Lincoln Handicap, and Kirkland for the Grand National are street-corner tips.